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WILLIAM S. KNICKERBOCKER



July-September, 1928

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Mrs. KATHERINE A. GRAHAM, of Chicago, Illinois, appears in this issue for the first time as a contributor to THE SEWANEE REVIEW.

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THE SEWANEE REVIEW

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[No. 3

ARIADNE

I wear my crown,
I sing when Bacchus plays.
I drink his wine,
I listen to his praise.
Day after day,
With new and subtle art,
I gather sweets
To lay against my heart.
But Theseus! Theseus!
The darkness takes from me,
Night after night,
My wildest ecstasy,
And gives instead
A vision of your face,
Not faint, nor misty,
But clear—without a trace
Of age; the mouth
As sensual, the eyes
As blue, as false;
They say that love, too, dies,
Sometimes of age,
Sometimes of mortal wounds.
It is not true!
My love in weariness
Day after day,
Lies down, and cannot die.

O Memory,
 Bring back, until I cry
 That I can bear
 No more—bring back of him
 All you possess.
 The body straight and slim,
 The hands, the voice,
 The tenderest words he said,
 The strength, the boasting,
 But not, but not the dread
 Sound of his feet
 Departing; let the flame
 Consume my heart,
 And let his hard bright name
 Be at the last
 The only hymn they sing
 In bearing me
 Aloft for burying.

HELENE MULLINS.

FANTASIE OF A GLOWING HEAD

Perhaps I see
 The color of your hair,
 Or only a fallen flash of sunlight there.
 Yet it may be
 The twisted altar where
 Some golden God has made his gleaming lair.

FRANK A. DOGGETT.

FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE

MARRIAGE HISTORICALLY CONSIDERED

"Marriage is ordeyned to have lygnage [lineage] and to love eache other." So says Caxton's *Boke of Good Manners* (1487), the earliest book in English to touch upon the subject. And if it were now true that the authority of the printed page was in direct proportion to its antiquity, as was once the case, this succinct definition might well serve to lay to rest the over-moot question, "Why marry?" But unfortunately for one's peace of mind in the present enlightened age, all authority of by-gone days seems to lose rather than gain in force in accordance with the length of time it has held sway. The heritage of the ages having thus been thrown to the discard, what Caxton saw as a fact to be faced we are taught to regard as an outworn doctrine for which some modern home-brewed substitute should be sought. Self-determinism is now the cry; no surrender, no compromise; who wants to love, honor, and obey? The ambitious young woman of to-day has adopted as her slogan, "I must have my career," and has repudiated the older test, "She shall be a meet help to him." "Intelligent egotism makes life intelligible," proclaims the heroine of a modern novel, which being translated in the sentence that follows apparently means, "Children would drive me mad!" "Marriage as a career?" queries the dull sage of the same treatise, "O, for some women, of course, but not for the Molly Pentreaths"; nor, we may add, for the Lady Bret Ashleys or the Iris Marches, who throughout the pages of other best-sellers elect to live *pour le sport*. These and similar doctrines of emancipation have of late been shouted from the house-tops to such an extent that we are almost ready to submit that Lord Bryon himself might have learned something from the insurgents of to-day, for even after years of self-determination of their most approved type, he seems to echo Caxton's thought when he defines love in the words:

"Tis to create
And in creating live.

Time was when marriage was regarded as something in the nature of a contract, in which each party thereto surrendered a certain amount of his or her personal liberty and sacrificed a self-centered pursuit of happiness in order that the union might be productive. It was a joint stock company incorporated for the purpose of declaring dividends of some kind, rather than a mere social arrangement existing primarily that a good time might be had by all. Nor was it instituted principally for the benefit of the parties of the first part; on the contrary its responsibilities were to society at large, or in the older view of the Church, to God himself. And despite the hue and cry of individualism now raised by our ubiquitous modernists, this conception of the institution has not yet died out among the more orthodox public; but just what the obligations undertaken by the contracting parties are and to whom they are primarily due has become increasingly obscured since that day when Caxton proclaimed dogmatically that marriage was to have lineage and to love each other. The Church, by means of a ceremony replete with such phrases as "according to God's holy ordinance", maintains an emphasis upon duties undertaken towards God; organized society expresses its authority in the matter by requiring that a state licence be obtained before the union can be legally effected; and the young couple, who after all make their vows to neither Church nor State but to each other, would seem to be quite within their rights in asking, "What do we get out of this for ourselves?"

The idea of contract, involving not only marriage but all human institutions, is of course much older than Christianity. It may be most clearly seen in the ancient practice of offering sacrifices; for so many bullocks Menelaus might obtain winds favorable to his projected investigation of the private life of Helen of Troy; divine favor was bought and paid for. Among Christian apologists the same principle, however disguised, held good; for a blameless life, self-sacrifice, or even an eleventh-hour repentance, one obtained either an immediate or a heavenly reward. Cases in point may be found in the Bible all the way from the story of Cain and Abel to that of the thief on

the cross. And the contract, or covenant as it was more frequently called, worked both ways; that is, it was equally binding upon both man and God: God could no more escape his obligation to reward Job after he had triumphed over the tribulations imposed upon him than He could have refused to acknowledge Satan's power had the infamous wager turned out otherwise than it did. Thus while man found himself involved in a continuous struggle to fulfil his end of the bargain, the realization that success would inevitably bring him a heavenly crown gave to life an incentive and a meaning that otherwise it might have lacked.

In the Biblical narrative, marriage was the first human institution to be established; and just as man was originally created for the furtherance of God's plan for the universe—not for his own sake—so marriage was ordained primarily for God's benefit—not for Adam's. "Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it": this was God's first command to the human race, a statement of the return expected for blessings already conferred. The purpose of the institution was thus clear enough if one contented himself with the teaching of the first chapter of Genesis. Such at least was the conception of the mediæval church, which made increasing efforts to get all matrimonial affairs under its jurisdiction and even at the Council of Florence incorporated the marriage ceremony among the sacraments. The fathers of the Reformation, however, preferred to emphasize the human element of the institution, taking their text from the second chapter of Genesis, in which it is explained that Eve was created and marriage thereby established because God saw that it was "not good that man should be alone." "Among Christian writers touching matrimony", says Milton, "there be three chief ends agreed on: godly society, next civil, and thirdly that of the marriage bed"; and he adds as a thrust at the existing divorce laws, "Of these the first in name be the highest and most excellent, no baptized man can deny; . . . but he who affirms adultery to be the highest breach, affirms the bed to be the highest in marriage, which is a gross and boorish opinion how common soever." Milton,

as all the world now knows, had a peculiar blindness to testimony which controverted his own views; and there can be little doubt that the opinion he stigmatizes as gross and boorish was held by the entire Catholic Church. Indeed some of the Reformers took the same view. Henry Bullinger, whose *Christen state of Matrimonye* was translated by Coverdale in 1541, defines marriage as the "yoking together of one man & one woman, whom God hath coupled according to his worde . . . to the intente that they maye bring forth children in the feare of him, that they maye auoyde whordome, and that (according to gods good pleasure) the one maye helpe and comfort the tother." Thomas Becon, on the other hand, does not even mention the begetting of children; his *Boke of Matrimony* (c. 1562) defines the institution as "an hei, holy, and blessed order of life, or dayned not of man but of God. . . . wherein one man and one woman are coupled and knit together in one flesh and body . . . to the intent that they may dwel together . . . in all honesty, vertue, and godliness." Milton's own definition may be worth adding. "Marriage", he says simply, "is a divine institution joining man and woman in a love fitly disposed to the helps and comforts of domestic life."

But in all these views, whether the marriage-bed or "godly society" is regarded as the prime end of marriage, it is clearly acknowledged that the institution is of divine origin, and consequently that the first duty of married persons is to God, not to each other. Indeed Milton in his divorce tracts goes so far as to argue that if a union between a Christian and an infidel seemed likely to result in the former's loss of faith, full divorce should be granted. Nonetheless it is evident that the Reformation, by removing marriage from the list of sacraments and by emphasizing godly society between man and wife, had the effect not only of lessening the authority the Church had established over marriage but also of acknowledging that the contract imposed upon the parties thereto duties to society at large as well as to God. Anyone who reads Milton's argument that divorce should be granted for incurable unfitness or contrariety of mind must admit that although God and the Bible are con-

tinually calling to judgment it is a human rather than a divine cause that he has at heart. The Catholic Church, however, held rigidly to its original position, at the same time gaining greater and greater control over both marriage and divorce, and finally at the Council of Trent set itself up as the ultimate authority to define legality in all matters relating to the institution. And among Catholics this position is maintained by the Church and pretty faithfully lived up to among the laity even to the present day.

Among the Puritans in England the sect known as Independents, following the teachings of Robert Brown, went so far as to hold that marriage as well as divorce was altogether a civil affair, as indeed it had been under the Christian emperors of Rome. This doctrine was carried to America by the Pilgrim Fathers, who were for the most part members of the congregation of Rev. John Robinson, who in turn was one of the chief disciples of Brown. The practice of civil marriage thus adopted among the Independents became well established during the sojourn of the Pilgrims in Leyden, since the Dutch Reformed Church had adopted similar principles but a few years earlier upon gaining independence from Spain. Thus Governor Winthrop in his history records that the first marriage in this country, that of Edward Winslow to Susanna White in 1621, was performed "according to the laudable custome of the Low-countries . . . as being a civil thing": and in Massachusetts at least any other form of wedding was later made illegal.

But this shift of authority from Church to State by no means annulled the doctrine that married life involved obligations other than those assumed by the contracting parties to each other; nor were their duties any less binding under the new dispensation. Robert Brown is himself on record as defining marriage as "a lawfull ioining of the husbände and wife . . . in one communion of duties, and especially in generation and bringing vp of children." Thus, whether marriage was believed to have been ordained for the furtherance of an earthly or a heavenly kingdom, the "communion of duties" lost little if any of its original force. The close union of Church and State dur-

ing early colonial days no doubt tended to double rather than to disseminate the sense of duty in the minds of those concerned. For in addition to the fact that the suffrage was restricted to church members, the Puritans as a body held strictly to the orthodox view that both society and state existed only by virtue of the original covenant between man and God, the terms of which remained valid for all human institutions and activities. Even education in their view, as the president of a New England college declared as late as 1823, "should have reference to *two* worlds but chiefly the future."

Among Protestant congregations in America to-day, the older conception of marriage as a contract with God, still held by the Catholic Church, has given way almost entirely to that of the Pilgrim fathers. To be sure a religious ceremony is again the preferred form; but once the ceremony is duly solemnized, the religious elements involved in the service, even if not dismissed at once as mere formalities, are soon forgotten. But the sense of obligation to society or to the state—in effect much the same—though it may be somewhat vague, is nonetheless a potent influence in the immediate outlook of every young married couple. Their first act after setting up house-keeping is to invite their friends to call and inspect their home, to pass judgment, as it were, upon the new unit in the community; and thenceforth they feel definitely called upon to maintain the standards of their class, that is to establish a household which will be a worthy contribution to the social order. And although the birth of children may be regulated, it is commonly recognized that a civic duty to produce after one's kind is undertaken with marriage, an obligation that has gained force of recent years where the parents are fit persons, through the teachings of eugenics.

It will be seen, therefore, that both Protestant and Catholic doctrines concerning marriage to-day have at least a common point of view: Catholics emphasize duty to God, Protestants duty to society which is the result of God's providence and whose laws are in accordance with His will. In the practical application of both doctrines human life and the standards

regulating social institutions must be much the same, even when the belief in a personal God is relinquished in favor of allegiance to some Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness; for both disciplines acknowledge definite obligations to some authority of greater validity and finality than that inherent in purely self-centered interests, and both seek to find individual happiness in the welfare of the whole. Even when some abrogation of the strict covenant is contemplated, such action is usually justified on the ground that society at large will benefit more thereby than it would by the continuance of an essentially false and humanly untenable situation. Husband and wife may follow separate careers, but they do so not for merely selfish reasons but because the family and ultimately society as a whole will profit. Similarly birth-control is advocated not because children are a hindrance to individual ambitions but in order that the family unit may remain self-supporting and effective in its contribution to the life of the community. Or if divorce seems to be the only way out of domestic failure, the children and their development as future citizens are the prime consideration. The accepted viewpoint towards the institution of marriage, among intelligent people at least is, in a word, social and not merely ego-centric.

It will be generally agreed that the Puritan discipline during the colonial days of our history approached close to a religious tyranny; and it is evident that since that time many real solutions of social problems have been effected by a renunciation of many of the terms nominated in the bond. Many radical thinkers have recently gone so far as to relinquish the belief in God, and most intelligent persons now refuse to take the Bible as a final code of ethics or at least have discarded the Puritan practice of twisting its texts to suit both the shorn lamb and the tough old goat; but even though one might go the limit with either of these groups, it does not follow that the complete abandonment of the fundamental principle of contract is in accord with the actual conditions under which a worthy life and a fruitful liberty are to be pursued in a civilized society. The problem resolves itself into one simply of emphasis: and

where the emphasis is to be placed will depend upon the answer to the question, "Is life to be appraised on the ground of individual prerogative or social welfare?"

As we have already remarked, in the social theory of the modern individualists—if indeed their doctrine can be spoken of as social—the ego is enthroned as king and the "pursuit of happiness" adopted as the royal motto. Their rebellion is by no means aimed to remedy admitted evils in existing institutions; on the contrary they seek only some particular place in the sun where they may disport themselves. The one thing to avoid is suppressed desires: the one thing to achieve is an "escape" from restriction and a "release" of self. And as no social institution imposes social restrictions upon self as does marriage, these heralds of a brighter dawn have sounded their klaxon for its destruction. Obviously their position, being one of mushroom growth, lacks the weight of the more orthodox doctrines which are supported by centuries of human experience; yet on the other hand their slogan of personal freedom is coming to be peculiarly effective for recruiting purposes on account of the prevalent demand for greater individual liberty in all other fields of social activity. The Church, Catholic and Protestant alike, has always taught that life on this earth is a *discipline* in mutual relationships; and this principle holds good to-day among all persons, whether they acknowledge religious affiliations or not, who believe that civilization is founded upon social institutions. The modern insurgents, however, would convince us that this old-age doctrine is false, and that on the contrary life should be regarded as an *adventure* in self-determination—everyone for himself and the devil take the hindmost. And as is the case with most liberal codes, the letter of their law affords an unmerited freedom to the shallow and the ignorant, while its spirit binds the conscientious no less securely than did the covenant of old. Thus Polonius's advice—

To thyself be true,
Thou canst not then be false to any man,—

which is the apotheosis of self-determination at its best, will appear to be for the common weal or the common woe, depend-

ing upon whether it is adopted by those who acknowledge themselves responsible to some ultimate order either of God or man or by those who like Richard III are brash enough to proclaim, "I am myself alone."

CHILTON L. POWELL.

Amherst College.

DE PLACE DAT DE DEBIL FO'GOT

Lawd, Lawd I's so happy,
So happy I jes got t' sing;
Sho, Mammy say de Debil
Got de worl by de heels,
Jes de same I got t' sing.

Ole sun done dressed
De peach tree,
In a dimity sprigged wid pink;
An down in de shadder o'
De spring-house
Hit's stoopin low fer a drink.

Lawd, hep me plant dis cawn
Fo de sun rise up too hot;
Sho, Mammy say de Debil got holt o' de worl;
But I knows a place
Whar de water trickle down,
Dat ole Mister Debil done fo'got.

HARRIETTE WIDMER.

1910: A RETROSPECTIVE GLANCE

A century that has been surveyed by Mr. Canby and Mr. Sherman ought to lie peaceably bounded by its meridian and range lines, with all questions of title settled. Yet neither one of these critics lingered to point a finger at the year 1910 with a retrospective "Do you remember?" Mr. Canby saw a plain swept by Arnoldian confusion and struggle, the nineteenth century taking flight between 1908 and 1912. Mr. Sherman pounded his stake into the year 1918 as the dividing line between two eras and walked off, adding genially that any gentle reader might "propose an arrangement of his own". Like the traveller in Rossetti's sonnet who retraced the path in search of an old landmark, I suggest a drink out of the old well of 1910.

When I declare that the taste is bitter, or—to get back to plainer speech—that the mood of 1910 as reflected in the mirror of literature was one of unusual depression and discouragement, I run the risk of all people described by Hazlitt as possessed of one idea. When the entire century has had spells of being low in its mind, confused and befuddled by baffling problems and conflicting standards, why pick upon 1910? Exactly the question that I want to answer. In order to make a long and complicated story extremely short, I shall stay in the path of English literature and draw attention only to plainly marked signposts that any reader has seen again and again.

The story goes back to 1880. Between that year and 1910 two great discoveries dawned upon the English people. One was of the possibilities of power opened up by science and the material resources of living. The influence of biological science upon human thought is a theme as huge as it is hackneyed: yet we are still groping for the right attitude. So recently as 1920, Shaw in his lengthy preface to *Back to Methusaleh* was searching for a new angle. I draw attention only to one aspect of the question—the influence of science upon a man's thought of himself in relation to his environment. The old pre-1880 idea had been that the true greatness of a per-

son was an individual matter resulting from certain moods and trains of thought. It had nothing to do with his bank account or with Newton's apple. All that one had to do was to come into contact with some great mind—say with that of Plato or Goethe—and he got all that was needed. Our own Emerson illustrates the attitude: "Produce a volume of Plato or Shakespeare—or remind me of their names—and instantly we come into a state of longevity."

But in the later nineteenth century the idea gained force that greatness of life could result from science, wealth, mechanical power. It was discovered that we can be partly freed from time, place, and disease. The screw steamship and a network of railways, reduced time and distance. Men talked to one another across mountains and sea. One read about small-pox in eighteenth-century literature. With proper precautions one did not *have* it. To-day we are used to the idea of ordering our own lives. But in the nineteenth century it showed itself in a great humanitarian movement sweeping through literature. Before 1880 the movement confined itself, for the most part, to the exposure of abuses. Prisons, hospitals, sanitation, the condition of the workingmen were subjected to rigorous scrutiny. Ruskin stopped talking about beauty, and William Morris declared that art was impossible in a society based upon the factory system. But toward the end of the century art and beauty came back. With abuses exposed and life freed from some of its miseries, a feeling of expansion swept over the English people. There seemed no limit to what a man might accomplish. "To be sound in wind and limb; to be healthy of body and mind; to be educated, to be emancipated, to be free, to be beautiful—these are things toward which all should strain", cried Grant Allen exultantly. Nearly everybody strained. There was much yeast in the breadpan at the close of the century.

The dough rose, and a new century was invigorated by the loaves turned out of the oven. Anyone may hear the yeasty cry of exultation in the early romances and fictions of Mr. Wells. The Time-Traveller pressed the lever of his curious machine and rode through the centuries without a puncture; the Invisible

Man made himself into an empty suit of clothes, coughing and sneezing into frightened ears; and the Wonderful Visitor winged by the rector brought from Heaven a Shavian power of asking perplexing questions. Of course there was serious purpose in the romances. But there was also much to cause the "audible laughter" against which Lord Chesterfield warned his son. Again, Kipps and Mr. Lewisham are not heroic figures; but they feel themselves to be in a world of endless possibilities. They grope for beauty and education without knowing how to grasp them. At about the same time Conrad was giving the imagination new fields in which to wander, appealing to the "capacity of delight and wonder" by taking one to sea and giving one glimpses of strange shores. Applying his psychology and introspection to men of action, he gave us the feeling that man is a bigger and more mysterious being than we had thought. "Youth" has crowded into its pages all the catastrophes that could happen at sea—fire, wreck, and storm. But youth does not care. It is dauntless, unafraid. Of course during these early years of the century, there was a darker side to the picture. There was, for example, Mr. Thomas Hardy writing in *Poems, Past and Present* of life "with the sad, seared face". But what I mean to say is that gloom was not the prevailing mood of the early years of the century.

In 1910, there had come the second realization—the difficulties hindering progress. That year Chesterton put out a dreary tract, *What's Wrong with the World?* Much was wrong. For one thing, with the increase of mechanical devices there had come the desire for wealth and power that frequently left the soul in dry rot. Industrialism had raised up not only ugly towns and smug citizens; it had created a state of mind hostile to art and beauty. There was still the vision of progress, but realization had come that it would have to fight its way through an iron surface. Literature, in short, had become a stream which has met an obstacle. It became deeper but more troubled. It also grew in bulk.

By 1910, Wells was no longer talking of Utopian futures or spinning through space and time. He had run amuck in the

disorderly civilization about him. His mood became serious and searching. How were cities and houses to be built, men and women mated, children educated, motherhood converted into service for an enlightened state, in a society made up of hordes like Remington's prosperous uncle in *The New Machiavelli*—a man whose education had stopped at fifteen and whose every action was determined by hate, rivalry, and acquisitiveness? True, Mr. Wells's lively spirits returned in *The History of Mr. Polly*. But the author of *The New Machiavelli* is an angry preacher shaking an accusing finger at the "dingy, furtive, canting, humbugging English world" in the pews. Preacher Wells knew his devil and could show a united front. "Muddle", declared Remington, "is the enemy."

In 1910, Bernard Shaw threw off an inferior work, *The Dark Lady of the Sonnets*. When an author begins to flag it may be an indication that he is out of harmony with his environment. That same year (if one may judge by the date of publication) Shaw was writing *Fanny's First Play*. In the preface he shakes his head over the number of dead people he sees walking about. "Our respectable middle-class people are all as dead as mutton." Under the influence of this idea, Fanny's heroine gets herself arrested and frees herself from respectability in true Butlerian fashion. Shaw's early charm had been his wit, his ability to take an idea and work it out regardless of consequences. With *Fanny's First Play*, one notices a difference. Wit is there, but it stays in the background. The real thing is the problem.

In 1910 Galsworthy published his great play *Justice*. Nowadays we know that something besides moral evil may move the criminal. The Judge in the play knew it too; so did Falder's employers. Why did no one help the weak but well-intentioned youth out of his difficulty? For the same reason that Roberts and Anthony in *Strife* of the preceding year had not been able to sit down peaceably and adjust their differences. They were dominated by a system. Galsworthy had grown increasingly conscious of the sordidness and inertness of the nation. The money of the Forsytes that had pushed forward art, religion, science, government, had also starved the soul.

It would, of course, be absurd to affirm that all authors of 1910 were floundering in a swamp. I do not affirm it. Four or five large trees do not make a forest. But they can cast considerable shade. Years have passed and a world war separates us from 1910. On my desk is the last number of a weekly review of literature. An excerpt from a recent novel, *The Younger Generation*, catches my eye. The bearing will be seen at once.

"We are called the pampered, unruly children of the jazz age, but in reality we are the offspring of the machine age. And the cacophony of the band to which we dance is the nerve-tearing bore of electric riveters, the hiss of puddled steel, the almost inaudible whirr of revolving wheels. The machine is turning out dollars and comfort and Ford cars and radios—and the youngest generation. Can you stop it—or us?"

KATHERINE A. GRAHAM.

Chicago, Illinois.

THE RETURN

I must go down, again, an old, kind way
Where little, lovely things are calling me,
Where earth and rain and sun are good to see,
And up the hills creak rusty wains of hay.
I must go down an old road starred with spray
To woods and tangled orchards dim with bloom,
Where sparrows twitter in a scented gloom
On April eves and murmurous dawns of May.

And then, some time, it will be sweet to go,
And love and live and stay a little while
With men—and listen while their heartbeats, blow
On blow, build lonely castles in the skies—
It will be sweet again to know the smile
Of faces in a crowd, and old men's eyes.

MAYNARD MACK.

VICTORIANISM

Victorianism was the English form of a new kind of society that came into being in the last century in western Europe and North America. To put the statement in the convincing form of a platitude, the nineteenth century was distinguished by the rise of the bourgeoisie, dragging after it into the unfamiliar dazzle of lime-light its habitual manners and morals. How widely spread was this phenomenon I scarcely realized until I looked into Ludwig's life of Bismarck in the English translation, and saw reproduced the photograph of the retired empire-builder meeting a delegation of German ladies. Their garb was unpleasantly familiar. To the tops of their heads were attached little bonnets of inoffensive but uncertain shape. Beneath their jackets, tightly fitting bodices crushed their breasts into inconspicuous subjection, and drew tight lines at neck and waist to keep them unmolested. So far a'! was Puritan economy. But when the eye travelled from the narrow waist to nether regions, it discovered an energetic sprouting of heavy fabrics, promoted by the valiant thrust of a bustle in the rear, whose complicated flounces in a rush of digression concealed the feet, the legs, the thighs, all flesh and bone and muscle, which might carry to doctor, to artist, or to lover an idea of sex and bodily function. These creatures floated over the floors as ships the sea, propelled by mystery. Then it occurred to me that they were not unique to Germany. I had come across similar figures elsewhere, in a book of Paris fashions, in the plates of Godey's *Lady's Book* in America, in recollection of my grandmother. It was revealed to me that these curious garments to which my grandmother and Bismarck's friends and Queen Victoria had in their several stations been addicted came alike from Paris.

Here were symbols that the bourgeois revolution was not confined to England alone, and that everywhere it was found, as our proletarians have recently been telling us, it showed the same traits. It brought into social prominence and political control a new class, whose prosperity was recent and came from

ownership not of land but of factories. Before the industrial revolution that began with the application of steam to the manufacture of the eighteenth century, there had only been tradespeople. Afterwards, persons chiefly of this class took advantage of the centralization of industry in their towns and became prosperous within a generation through the cheap and rapid production of goods by machine instead of hand labor. Within less than a century their numbers had bloated into bourgeoisie, and they faced the task of reconciling old habits to new circumstances. Now in Germany this was not difficult. The industrial revolution came late and met an easy-going people without individualism or ambition, whose attention was being diverted by the herculean efforts of a few leaders to unite their petty states into an empire. In France the problem seemed no more difficult. There, the new bourgeoisie, as Stendhal's *Rouge et Noir* testifies, were not pietists. They were hard-headed realists who, under the influence of Voltaire and the Encyclopædists, readily threw off their deference to the Roman church when they felt the possession of economic power. The French bourgeoisie became that unlovely species of man—self-made, opinionated, unimaginative, and therefore cruel and anti-social—which supplied many a farce and novel in French literature of the nineteenth century.

But in England where the revolution had come earliest, it had been most thorough-going. The gigantic power of many an English manufacturer or ship-owner under Victoria made an almost epic figure of him. Tremendous responsibility gives inevitable dignity of a sort to its possessor, and a certain timidity also—the Greeks' fear of the jealousy of gods, which seems almost an instinct in human nature, lest power misused destroy its user. But to unsettle whatever dignity circumstances might otherwise have granted the bourgeoisie in England was another element of distinction not found either in France or Germany. The English tradesman of Defoe's period, whatever his shortcomings, had been evangelical and not ritualistic in religion. By the time he had turned into a bourgeois, the Wesleyan movement had intensified this emotional religion of his. Criticized

by the class he has supplanted and fearful of the latent power of those whom he has left behind, the bourgeois is everywhere respectable. In England he could be respectable only by being religious.

To understand what was the religion of the English bourgeoisie in the nineteenth century, one should go back into the eighteenth and examine the changes wrought by John Wesley. They introduced no new complication of theological doctrine. They led, rather, in the direction of simplification. It has sometimes been said that Wesley's insistence upon the suddenness of conversion was new. The Wesleyan saw the light, and underwent a change of heart from sinfulness to godliness in a moment of ecstasy. He confessed his sin to God; he was pardoned, filled with His grace, and sanctified in what seemed like a single process. No arduous discipline of mind and instinct was required. But Defoe's *Roxana*, a half century before, had unexpectedly fallen on her knees in tears and prayer, and had arisen a new woman. The difference was not in doctrine, but in the emotional intensity with which the same simple doctrine was fulfilled. Wesleyanism was the Romantic Movement in English religion, intensifying its subjectivity, belittling its dogma, insisting upon a mystical and personal union with that strange figure from the past in the mysterious East, the Lord Christ, offering an escape from the sin and weakness and insignificance and physical distress of present life in the Shelleyan vision of a romantic Paradise where one longed to be.

Wesleyanism was a sufficient religion for a people impoverished and restless under the sudden changes of the industrial revolution. It was the cry of misery of a people wrested from their farms and thrust into towns and factories. And it was their imaginative consolation and escape. To a race, basically Anglo-Saxon, always inherently moody and religious, it seemed also a return to the true elements of primitive Christianity, a new Reformation. As a result, by the nineteenth century, Wesleyanism had spread from the poorer to the upper classes and so extensively that it converted the Establishment, as well as founded a new church. In George Eliot's novels the influential

priests are evangelicals, zealous in warring upon the world, the flesh, and the devil, by an appeal for spiritual union with Christ and a walking with Him in His ways. Evangelism was taken over by the middle classes at the very time that the middle classes, newly recruited from the lower, were seizing political control from the ancient landed aristocracy. Industrialism had arisen only a little later than Wesley's reform of religion. It had made wealthy men of lucky and enterprising members of the lower classes. It had thrown them with the old middle class into the upper ranks of a new and larger middle class to which the Reform Bill of 1832 gave political power. It had opened a world market to their goods, and had bestowed upon them an economic empire larger than the political one which was soon to be decreed. They usurped the power of the aristocracy and retained the opinions of the lower classes. They would have none of the vices which they believed had weakened the resistance of the aristocracy against them. They remained loyal to the religious principles of the classes from which they came. They intended to be conservative in conduct. And the example of the French Revolution across the Channel, which had had little or nothing to do with their own advance to power, did reassure them as to the desirability of their remaining manfully where they found themselves.

Dreadful temptations lay in their path. But they shut their eyes to them, and prayed to avoid them by walking slowly. Herein lies the definition of Victorianism. These men were trying to make an age of transition stable, and to do it, as the religious ought, by an appeal to principle. They were not conscious of the fact that evangelism had given them more of emotion than of principle, and that their conduct therefore was more often based upon habit and self-interest than upon principle, though justified by an emotional appeal to principles which ignored their irrelevancy. So it may be said that the only persons who succeeded to their real satisfaction in making the age stable were those who, like romanticists, abandoned it for another, and like evangelicals chose their other age for religious reasons.

Of this successful escape, the life of Cardinal Newman is the

preëminent example. I do not think anyone can fairly say that he was much troubled in spirit after he became a Roman Catholic, though Mr. Lytton Strachey has suggested as much. Though a most passionately friendly man, he endured without a murmur the loss of friends, and set about acquiring new ones in the new faith. Though at first disappointed at the hostility of Rome towards his doctrine, he was completely reassured by the grant of a cardinal's hat. The satire of his later writings only testifies to the sure conviction upon which his faith rested. He had no doubt of having left a false church and found the true one. For however individual may have been Newman's approach to religion, however psychological and unscholastic his method, the religion he reached by the use of it was the thoroughgoing Aristotelean conception of the church which Aquinas had established in the middle ages. All his doctrine of development meant was that the modern church was justified in growing complicatedly mediæval than the mediæval church itself. In this rationalization Newman found his escape.

I think I see a similar serenity in only one other Victorian figure, likewise a mediævalist. Rossetti was not, it is true, interested in theology. He was an æsthete, allured by the spectacular play of human emotions, upon whose work the beautiful prose of Walter Pater is really the commentary. He distilled from the middle ages not, like Newman, its rationalism, but its sensuousness. He reproduced the serenity of countenance and the saintliness of twisted figure in the mediæval representations of the Virgin as woman enthroned, if he never sensed the mysticism and austerity that kept the mediæval figure from achieving her repose without an effort, like his women. The mediæval woman had her natural instincts without a doubt, but she obeyed the conventional discipline of the period and vivaciously cocked an eye to heaven, or with an enigmatic smile for the incongruity between the earthly and the heavenly resolved to ignore the lower impulse. Rossetti's women ponder over an earthly love which has brought heaven within the gates of earth for them and has dissolved the world into a mirage, to

which they are not hostile but indifferent. In short, Rossetti caught in his art the superficial appearance of mediæval Catholicism. When he would be serious he turned to the natural magic of the middle ages and the medium of poetry. He revived the ballad style and matter. But by elaborating the ballad style he made an opiate of it to distill all uneasiness and horror out of the tale of vengeful sisters and the miracle of love transformed to hate. There was no doubt and despondency here. In this quite un-Victorian paradise of mood Rossetti had his being with as complete indifference to the age he lived in as Max Beerbohm's superb cartoon depicts him.

The only other escape that was at all successful was made by Matthew Arnold in an opposite direction. Arnold went to the Greeks. He admired and, to a greater extent than any other Victorian man of letters, absorbed their candid naturalism. Putting aside the slow detailed methods of scientific experiment that we have almost come to believe the only road to Truth, he accepted the method of the ancient Epicurean, and insisted that all we can know of Truth will be revealed to him who examines with natural insight, unprejudiced by any special theories or methods, the evidence of his senses upon the flow of experience that makes up the complex synthetic life of man. And this he called the method of literature, since method we must have. He opposed to it the method of dogma, which was alike the weakness of the new science and the old religion. To many it will seem that Arnold's often-criticized snobbery was the price he paid for rising above the cant and hesitation of his age. To some he has seemed unsuccessful even in this, and has left us brilliant generalizations, a theory of poetic touchstones and what not, that lose their gloss when rubbed in analysis. In any event, his escape was not successful, since he failed to influence a considerable minority in his own age. His disciples have formed a little aristocracy in later periods. He himself remained an eremite in the world of thought.

In his earlier years, however, Arnold had been as full of doubt and despondency as anybody. His escape came in middle life when he turned to the writing of prose. Only a

few poems predict it. They are those like *Tristram and Iseult*, in which he narrates with Epicurean serenity and detachment a traditional romantic theme. The rest are different; and these others have been too often studied as the merely subjective expression of their author's immaturity. Perhaps Arnold did for a time suffer, like Thackeray's Pendennis, from adolescent devotion to a great actress. Behind all this personal despondency, nevertheless, lay his mind's attempt to grasp a better philosophy than he saw men trying to practise around him. He looked wistfully back upon his father's serenity of mind, unattainable, he felt, by the new generation. He saw that this serenity had often been secured at the cost of clear thinking. But at this period of his life he could not satirize the Philistine. He realized only too sadly that he was one of them. It has been a careless public that has read *Dover Beach* time and again without seeing how insufficient is the invocation to love in it. "Ah, love, let us be true to one another." Browning's *Prospice* is much more confident. His two lovers, reassured by the reality of their love, leave all else to God. But Arnold is not able to do so. From his brief gush of reliance on love as the panacea, he returns to an extended expression of his pessimism.

... for the world, which seems
 To lie before us like a land of dreams,
 So various, so beautiful, so new,
 Hath really neither joy, nor love [*Let it be noted,*] nor light,
 [*The negatives pile themselves hopelessly.*]
 Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain,
 And we are here as on a darkling plain
 Swept with confided alarms of struggle and flight,
 Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Arnold, at least, was frank about it. The rest of the Victorians hung upon mere words, utilized the old rush of feeling the romanticists had brought in to lead them into digression. Such is the accusation made now-a-days by our radical critics against Browning's optimism, a charge to which anyone who has tried to make sense out of *La Saisiaz* will agree with relief. Browning was candid only when he was painting some extrav-

agant Italian emotion rich in sensations of horror, and when he was negative, when he was showing his fierce Protestant hatred of Catholic duplicity and vengefulness. Whenever Browning tries to be positive, he shows his youthful debt to Shelley, the precursor of how much Victorian foggiess. His most positive doctrine, his insistent belief in individualism, gets buried in an inconsequential dialectic of words; it becomes a puzzle, too intricate for solution by the thousands of Browning lovers, both clerical and matronly, who enjoy *Fifine at the Fair* because they haven't quite got the point of it.

Browning's spirit, at all events, was optimistic, which is more than can be said for the majority of his generation. A vague belief in progress did indeed linger after the French Revolution had been forgotten and the Reform Bill of 1832 had taken on the proportions of another monument to British liberty. The conservative, who had not profited by the changes, had no desire for more of them. The liberal, who had profited by them in the past, was prudently fearful of an over-dose. But progress had become a fact that must be taken into account. There was nothing theoretical about the demands of rioting workmen, who had not profited by any changes whatsoever. We who to-day have made so little progress in adjusting the interests of capital and labor can hardly blame the Victorian bourgeoisie for sending the military to put down strikes and sublimating their ideal of progress into an abstraction. Only, with the aid of evangelism, they did it somewhat more readily than we can. Tennyson was unusually specific in *Locksley Hall* when he looked forward to the abolition of war and the federation of the world as the society of man rolled, so he put it, down the grooves of change. Even so, this is progress on a more than imperial scale. It is easy to be cheerful about cosmic destiny; for in the same poem Tennyson's hero becomes so despondent about affairs at home, both public and private, that he threatens to retire into darkest Africa and take a dusky bride. The point is that the Victorian bourgeoisie could hold to this theory of progress which circumstances had thrown in their way only by bloating it into cosmic proportions too huge to

be fully grasped. Their evangelism,—whose easy familiarity with supernatural concerns had already been aggravated by Coleridge's mumble and Carlyle's bellow of Teutonic wanderings among the Infinite,—facilitated this leap from the fact to the abstraction, and hallowed it by shrouding its indefiniteness in religious melancholy. Progress became a belief one felt he ought to believe in, however disinclined to.

Desire and duty, principle and self-interest, conflicted. The poems of Clough, the agnostic, were disapproved because they were so candid an expression of the muddled state of the national mood. But Clough was trying to be positive and optimistic. "Say not the struggle naught availeth," he cried; we shall pass in due time into the better, the hoped-for land. Where or how or why were questions he left unanswered. The laureate expressed a similarly timid hope, but since he was not so lucid, his words were more palatable to the national taste, and Tennyson, far from being censured for agnosticism, was conceived to have found a belief. How much of a belief it was, *In Memoriam* can show in a dozen passages.

O, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill.

Faith in progress had become so blind, so generalized, that what kept men from hopeless pessimism was little more than the instinct of all men, particularly keen in prosperous men, that life must be fundamentally good. They felt it in their bowels. But evangelism was of little aid in these new circumstances to afford a justification for instinct. It could give the laureate nothing more than a hymn tune and a pious hope.

I falter where I firmly trod
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

In this ironically anti-climactic climax neither Tennyson nor the age that adored him saw anything ridiculous. They had

fed themselves an anodyne of words. They had taken the verbosity of the romantics and made a charm of it. With words they painted pictures, they chanted rituals, they repeated refrains, in order to save themselves the trouble of thinking, to rescue themselves from the doubts that assailed them in their huge Victorian houses. The poet laureate gave the key to the mood of the nation:

. . . for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies;
The sad, mechanic exercise,
Like narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er
Like coarsest clothes against the cold.

For we do wrong to think of the Victorians as a complacent people. In personal contacts Tennyson was misanthropic, Carlyle blustered, Ruskin stewed, Dickens was rowdy, and Browning became as volatile as a débutante. Perhaps Strachey's *Queen Victoria* has led us astray. Lady Augusta Stanley wrote after the death of the Prince Consort: "Its something so very unusual to have found on Earth a Being in whom were realized all one's aspirations and wishes. Never to have been called on to long for anything but a continuation of what was, never to have doubted its continuance for years and years, or to have realized that it was possible to be left alone. It was idolatry, but I am sure that God allowed and pardoned it, for when was ever such a gift bestowed as Albert?" Rhapsody like this was as authentically Victorian as a Liszt concerto. But it was not typical. It was the Victorian attempting to escape from his typical uneasy moodiness by a romantic flight of imagination away from the actual into the region where one's hopes and ideals floated like water-lilies on a pool of verbiage.

The impetuosity of his joy was as deceptive as the serenity of his grief. We hear of Dickens' punch-bowl in the hall-way at Gadshill. We listen to stories of Thackeray's friends, half drunk, driving round to drag him from his work back to the gaiety of their club again. But Black Care rode behind their shoulders. Real gaiety had died out with the Reform Bill. Before

it, Bulwer had been able to write *Pelham* and Disraeli *Vivian Grey*. After it, the flippant novel of social life gave way to the morbid religiosity of sensational fiction: *Oliver Twist*, *Rockwood*, *The Woman in White*, *Night and Morning*. During the regency gaiety had lingered. The articulate class, the class that formed public opinion, was still the landed gentry. Before they went to their doom in the Reform Bill, they lived in boisterous indifference both to the restraint of manners, which had been the code of the eighteenth century, or that of morals, which was to drape the nation in Victorian purple and black. The measure of this change may be found in the contrast between two books of similar type. Pierce Egan in the late twenties wrote a noisy journalistic story of *Life in London* which was frankly immoral. Tom and Jerry and their reckless friends, impelled by curiosity and animal instincts, go the rounds of night life until exhaustion drives them to the country. Once they have recuperated, they rush back to their mistresses and their gamesters again. By the mid-thirties, Dickens in the *Pickwick Papers* is content to make sport of the harmless foibles of restless middle-aged bachelors who can never entirely escape high thoughts of duty, honor, and the eventual grave. There was always a purpose in the levity of Victorian days. It was to keep down the inward doubting and despair.

Now the cause for this despondency lay in the conflict between an evangelism based on emotion, insufficiently bulwarked by the reason, and the full tide of industrial prosperity. Evangelism, in other words, was being undermined by a cloying prosperity and by the intellectual method of that very science which had caused the prosperity. At the same time that men like Watt and Arkwright were applying scientific principles in the adaptation of machines to industry, others, less practically minded, were applying the same methods of experimentation and research to the past history of the globe. Early in the new century Lamarck announced his theory of the evolution of the human race. But his theory took no hold on the popular imagination until it was elaborated by Darwin in the midst of the Victorian period. Then, as is common knowledge, it was

bitterly opposed. But this opposition was not based on any fear that a theory of the past evolution of man's body from some horrid animal ancestor would encourage an analogous theory of his social evolution in the present. For this latter, as a theory, was quite generally accepted by Victorian days. As we said, the middle class, having believed thoroughly in its own progress upwards into the envied seats of power and having woven their belief into the Reform Bill, did not renounce so comfortable a theory. But they naturally preferred it to remain a tradition. As for the future, they were admiringly satisfied with Tennyson's suggestion of a faint trust in the larger hope. Only their conscience was a more ancient inheritance, and their disgust led them at times to question the righteousness of their satisfaction. The opposition to the theory of evolution did not, therefore, arise from any fear lest a new sociology should be drawn from it by analogy. It came directly from the conviction of a weak-minded evangelism that the theory was contrary to religious belief. No systematic philosophy of life, no consistent theology, was involved in the attack. Perhaps Christians sensed that there was something in the nature of scientific reasoning contrary to the very soul of Christianity. Perhaps there is. If so, this suspicion was no more the basis of attack at Oxford in 1860 than at Dayton, Tennessee, in 1926. Evangelism was content to read the book of Genesis and learn that an inspired Bible revealed, contrary to this upstart science, that God had created the species in multiple and not in series, all at once separately and not gradually by evolution from one another. The attack upon evolution was an attack upon an habitual belief that was held to the more passionately in an age of change simply because there was so little systematic theology in evangelism to sustain it.

More important, however, upon the temper of the whole people was the effect of national prosperity. The lower classes, to be sure, were no better off than they had been twenty or thirty years before. There were Chartist parades and petitions to serve as an image of Fear in the background. But we are not yet in an age of democracy and Labor governments. And

what was called the voice of the nation was full-throated from comfortable living. The little sea-girt isle was expanding into an empire. There was an industrial exposition, the first of many throughout the world, in that monstrosity of applied science, the Crystal Palace. Disraeli bought the Suez Cannal to facilitate the trade with India. The consequence of this prosperity was not merely to make the pious Englishman fear the jealousy of the gods. It was not simply to make him fear the temptations to lechery and other forbidden fruits. His definition of sin underwent no change, but the feeling with which he held it was subtly transformed. Men with a Victorian expanse of waistcoat are not physically able to assume the postures of the devotee. For such there must be aids to devotion: a theology for the intellect to grasp if it is active, or at least the comfort of elaborate ritual for the senses. But evangelism had been a religion of simple mysticism, which had assumed the truth of fragments of Catholic theology bequeathed it by the past. It had relied upon emotion (what we in America know as revivalism) to disguise its lack of logic and to fill with life the familiar phrases. When science had made the mind uneasy, came prosperity to debase the nature of the emotion. Belief in the awful reality of sin, for instance, cannot be held very impetuously by persons capable of buying whatever they want. They are more likely to flagellate their servants or their workmen than themselves. Partly for this reason, and partly also, we must honestly admit, because their own lives were generally free from the more heinous sins of sloth and adultery, the Victorian bourgeoisie became adept in the Protestant Inquisition of spying upon the conduct of people. The old emotion of fear and horror at the thought of their own sinfulness was now vicariously appeased. When they ran short of sin in the lower classes, it was supplied in literature. The sensational novel furnished both the alluring spectacle of sin and the gratification of seeing it eventually penalized. The Puritan's habitual absorption in the problem of sin was satiated, and a belief in the eternal truths of evangelism preserved.

With that other reality of evangelism the method was less

successful. To the prosperous, death must always appear a reality second in dreadfulness only to the loss of property. When prosperous people are steeped in evangelism, they are unable to forget death, and live in the present with reckless gaiety. Nor can they satisfy their consciences by treating it vicariously, like sin, in novels. And yet before the abundant sense of living which prosperity afforded the Victorian empire-builders, the consolations of immortality paled and faded away like a dream we vainly clutch on waking. Only words were left of the doctrine. But they were chanted the more fervidly. At the death of Paul Dombey, Dickens burst into this strange *Te Deum*:

The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first parents, and will last unchanged till our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion Death!

Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet of Immortality! And look upon us angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

By such jargon did the Victorians try to keep alive the metaphysical elements of their religion that had been so real to the earlier evangelicals. New tendencies of thought and feeling warred with old thoughtless ways of feeling, and the consequence was an oriental dervish's intoxication with the sweep of words.

But men can never remain long satisfied with orgies of words, especially when concerned with the inescapable theme of death. The Victorians, in particular, stolid and unimaginative as they were, accustomed to the immediate and tangible concerns of trade, would never be content to grasp an illusion alone for support. They had become materialists. And so, when they strove to grasp the vanishing metaphysics of their creed, they brought them oddly transmogrified from heaven to earth. If they could no longer really keep their minds on the blessings that the dead would enjoy in Paradise, they would at least do as much honor as possible to the idea of death. If they could

no longer follow the spirit to Heaven in their pious imagination, they would at least keep hold of the body as long as possible. They would embalm it. They arranged funerals as pretentious and more dull than the Italian. And after the funeral was inescapably over, by day and by night they haunted the grave, and knelt before its shaft of stone. Symbolic of the state of the nation was the Queen's grief for Albert. "The story at Windsor," says Lady Augusta Stanley after the funeral, "was much more comforting than could have been hoped or believed. The occupation of watching the progress of the mausoleum seemed to lift the Queen up."

The next step in this debasing process was to look upon grief not as praiseworthy because it flowed as a spontaneous tribute of love or respect for the dear departed, but as psychologically a good in itself, fraught with benefit to the sorrowing individual whatever its inspiration. "The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget, but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude." Washington Irving in his essay on English Funerals is writing before the Victorian period. But he is only prophetic. Victorianism, which cut off indulgence in the forbidden emotions of sex, was inclined to sanction the compensating emotions that not only, as Irving says, elevate and refine the mind, but also keep it from noticing the dissolution of a belief. Out of this decadence was born the code of respectability. The emotion, though it may have lost its sanction, must be feigned at all costs. And so one meditated upon the funeral plumes, the flowers in pots draped with black, the long folds of mourning veils and garments, and in this expression of earthly sorrow forgot to question not only the immortality of the dead but whether this dead man were worthy of his immortality. Thus a prosperous people sought to atone for their prosperity.

One realm remained into which the Victorians were determined to let no doubt intrude. It might be illogical to retain a code of conduct, after uncertainty had undermined what had

been for them its supernatural sanctions. They were determined at all events to do so. The traditional morality seemed to guarantee a kind of stability to class that had but recently come to enjoy power and prosperity. It was a standard by which to measure the conduct of their inferiors. It was the standard which they had obeyed while they were amassing their wealth, and became therefore to their minds the chief cause for their success. The Lord had helped those who had helped themselves. (The code was not, they sometimes forgot, entirely embraced by the Ten Commandments.) The Lord had rewarded those who had honored Him. Most important of all, these directions seemed unmistakably specific to men more accustomed to act than to argue. Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt not commit adultery. The meaning was self-evident. These Victorian men and their uneducated wives did not stop to think that, whatever the abstract law, the French were inclined to pardon occasional digressions after marriage had fulfilled one's duty to perpetuate a family, and that Englishmen were inclined to forget, for those of respectable station in life, the boyish levities committed before marriage had emphasized the principle of monogamy.

The Victorians were afraid to argue such points, more afraid to argue them than abstract dogmas, because to emotional materialists they were much more important. And so it came to pass that the Victorian wilfully closed his eyes to argument and inquiry when they involved the real sanctions of conduct. He refused wilfully to admit the possibility of discrepancy. He said only that if the new theories of science were followed instead of the theology of his fathers, there would follow a change in the moral code which would send society crashing. Then he added: But whatever happens to our theories, our code of conduct must not change since it has brought us power and prosperity. Nor was such fickle arguing confined to the conservative. Frederic Harrison believed himself of the left wing of Victorian radicalism. He believed the new Positivism religion he had imported from France and embellished by improvements of his own to be based upon science. One would expect

him, therefore, to approach the question of sexual relations somewhat in the modern way of candid scientific inquiry under guidance of the naturalistic formula: What conduct most conduces to human happiness? Instead, he refuses to talk about practical morality at all. He accepts the code that prevailed in theory. He does not lecture upon such practical topics; or if he touches upon them, it is not to assume that his new theology will not introduce a change here. When his adolescent son asks him whether it would be wrong to live with a woman to whom he is not married, the father bristles at once. He explodes with disgust that his son should bring so low a subject into conversation with him. He tells the lad that love out of marriage is bestial and anti-social, and decent men refuse to talk about it.

Science, then, by introducing a naturalistic viewpoint, had undermined the traditional sanctions of the moral code, though few Victorians, even among the scientists, would admit it. And material prosperity, which these evangelicals feared because they enjoyed it, endeavored to supplement the old sanctions by invoking the chivalrous principles of good manners. Submerged under Victorian respectability was the old candid if somewhat hypothetical approach to social problems started by Jeremy Bentham and his group in Georgian days. John Stuart Mill, who began by being his disciple, fell under the influence of a Victorian matron who converted him to a more respectable belief. His thinking became evangelized when love awoke his emotional nature. When he looked upon Mrs. Taylor he began to think about God. But he was too chivalrous to marry her before her husband died. Evangelism, having put on the dress of respectability, had concluded with unction that the pattern was becoming. Every new class, risen to power, apes the good qualities, if not always the vices, of the class it has supplanted. These evangelicals, determined never to submit to the vices of an aristocracy, were not loath to establish their own virtues impregably in the new position by reinforcing them with the chivalrous code of manners that had adorned aristocracies from the days of Arthur's Round Table. It would be unfair to them

to say that morality became more and more a matter of form, for the Victorians were even by Puritanic standards prevaillingly a moral people. Their sins were of the mind, and not of the act; and therefore visited upon later generations. The penalty of hypocrisy is the disdain of one's children, and disdain for hypocrisy leads to disgust for the very admirable conduct that may have accompanied it. And the Victorian bourgeoisie, seeking stability out of instability, unable to cope with a new and scientific viewpoint, yet thrust into a position of responsibility that forced it upon their attention, became vertiginous. It lost all capacity to see life clearly, far from being able to see it whole. Its genius was for muddling through. Repetition became its substitute for logic. It clothed the bodies of its women in garments whose lines were purposely irrelevant to the seductive graces that nature had planted beneath. In their abundance it hoped to find rest from temptation. It was indifferent that the truth had been lost in their folds. The practice of virtue was more important than its definition. The Victorian would not look upon virtue naked, though he worshipped her. He had got used to looking at her clothes. So he shut his mind to argument with the choler of a spoiled child. And then if he determined politely to endure the argument, he pompously incanted mere phrases until by another method he had closed his mind again.

No single incident is more characteristic of the age than the famous attack upon Huxley by Bishop Wilberforce at the Oxford meeting of the British Association in 1860. Huxley had been defending the theory of evolution. As the incident is usually repeated, Wilberforce arose, and put the sarcastic query: "Well, then, Mr. Huxley, you admit you had a monkey for a grandfather." Since Huxley, to say the best, had an undistinguished profile, the remark was a brutal personal attack, wholly irrelevant to the dispute. But every true lover of his Victorian grandfather will reject this version of the story as improbable. It is too direct. It lacks verbosity. One is relieved to find that the true version is much less pointed, has an air of elegance and respectability, an appeal to the chivalric

emotions about it, concealing perhaps too much the nasty insinuation about Huxley's ape-like profile. This is what the Bishop really said: "If any one were to willing to trace his descent through an ape as his grandfather, would he be willing to trace his descent similarly on the side of his grandmother?" Oh, shades of the pious Victorians, from your abode in that doubtful Paradise of your faint trust, do not wonder that your decendants have sold their birthright of your elegant morality for a little frankness.

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THE VIOLET HOUR

At this time, seven thousand years ago,
In the fading welter of sunset's dying glow,
In the Golden Age young Herakles besought
The haunt of nymphs and took them in his sport.
Leonine, iron-bicepped, passionate,
He was enough to vanquish and to sate
Seven at one blow and in one dusk,
Tearing the fruit of love from its ripened husk.

Now in the twentieth century, Age of Gold,
You, Mr. Williams, thirty-three years old,
On the tram to the evening cinema
Take Miss Brown and sip a pineapple soda
After the show, bid her good-night and bow.
O tempora! O mores! Where art thou?

MERRILL MOORE.

SOME TAP-ROOTS OF VICTORIANISM

When the Princess Alexandrina Victoria was twelve years old, she was told that at the death of the king, her uncle, she would become Queen of England. After a moment's silence she spoke: "I will be good."

In his biography of the Queen, Mr. Strachey accepts this story as authentic and seems to believe that Victoria's words were "something more than a conventional protestation, something more than the expression of a superimposed desire"; in what she said he sees "an instinctive summary of the dominating qualities of a life". But earlier in the same chapter he has pointed out that with the passage of the Reform Bill of 1832 the Princess Victoria became "henceforward the living symbol of the victory of the middle-classes", and he has stressed the fact that her mother, the Duchess of Kent, educated her daughter after the theory of Thomas Arnold, who aimed to make his pupils first and foremost "in the highest and truest sense of words Christian gentlemen". Indeed, the more one studies the middle-class conceptions of living and learning which prevailed in England in the first half of the nineteenth century, the more one is disinclined to think of the little princess's words as altogether individual and uninspired. If the story is not authentic, the comment put into Victoria's mouth is just what the smug English middle-classes would have had her say; if the story is true, her utterance was still the voice of the middle-class training of the period, which emphasized morality and duty first, and learning second.

This spirit of self-satisfied and heavily entrenched goodness, which Matthew Arnold found so irritating, displayed itself in numerous ways during the Victorian Age; it resounded in the fulminations of Arnold and Newman, for example, as well as in the preachments of Victorian novelists and essayists. I have found it more fascinating, however, to follow the current of Victorian "goodness" and other currents that fed the stream of Victorian middle-class thought back to their sources in the

reading of the children of the pre-Victorian period. In his absorbing study, *The Road to Xanadu*, Dr. J. L. Lowes of Harvard University has laid bare the creative soul of Coleridge by following the trail of his reading. Similarly, by following the early reading of the Victorians, I have tried to understand just why they thought and acted as they did. A single volume thus analyzed may disclose only the character and opinions of an individual author, but when scores of books reveal the same fundamental ideas, it must needs be admitted that the philosophical saturation of a social group is appearing. It is manifestly impossible in a brief paper to do more than point out a very few of the intellectual and spiritual elements of pre-Victorianism, and my illustrations must be sharply limited. For purposes of demonstration I have chosen the "goodness" so characteristic of Queen Victoria, the pietistic attitude toward religion which was the natural accompaniment of the emphasis of Christian virtues, and the interest in scientific, historical, and geographical facts designed to inculcate in the great middle-classes that "increased sagacity" which Robert Peel, staunch advocate of cheap learning, declared would "administer to an exalted faith". My evidence has been gathered mainly from books written for the "instruction and amusement" of English children of the middle-classes during the third of a century which preceded the Princess Victoria's semi-official promise to be "good".

The didactic and moral purpose of these books appears in their titles and prefaces as well as in their contents. There is, for example, *Wisdom in Miniature, or the Young Gentleman and Lady's Pleasing Instructor*, a very popular little book that appeared in numerous editions to justify the editor's wish that it "may not only be found useful but instructive and entertaining". And the moral objective of the following little volumes appear clearly in their titles:

- (1) *More Stories for Persons of the Middle Ranks;*
- (2) *The Infant's Progress;*
- (3) *The History of Fidelity and Profession;*
- (4) *The Pious Parents' Gift;*

- (5) *The Faithful Little Girl;*
- (6) *The Polite Little Children;*
- (7) *Dialogues for the Entertainment and Instruction of Youth;*
- (8) *Eugenia, or the Dangers of the World;*
- (9) *The Short and Simple Annals of a Poor Child;*
- (10) *Improving Tales for Youth;*
- (11) *How to be Happy, or the Cottage of Content;*
- (12) *Parents' Offering to a Good Child;*
- (13) *Female Policy Detected, or the Arts of a Designing Woman Laid Open, Treating of Allurements, Inconstancy, Love, and Revenge, The Whole Calculated to place Young Men on their guard against unprincipled Women, and to assist them in the choice of a virtuous Wife, Price 6 pence;*
- (14) *Evenings at Home, or Juvenile Budget Opened . . . for the Instruction and Amusement of Young Persons;*
- (15) *The Vicar's Fireside;*
- (16) *The Schoolfellows, A Moral Tale for Young Ladies;*
- (17) *The Monthly Preceptor;*
- (18) *Edwin and Henry, or the Week's Holidays, containing Original, Moral, and Instructive Tales for the Improvement of Youth.*

It should be noted that although in some of these books the morality is given in straight doses, in most it is diluted with an anæmic narrative, made up largely of a catechistic exchange between the perfect parent, tutor, or governess and pre-adolescents who are on the high road to perfection. A favorite method appears in Robert Huish's *Edwin and Henry*, which is thus described in a contemporary review of August, 1818:

Edwin and Henry, the children of the worthy Mr. Friendly, Edwin aged thirteen, and Henry twelve, are passing the week's Holidays of Easter, with their excellent parent, who makes every domestic incident a real source of instruction to his offspring. Casualties, the phenomena of nature, the vegetable world, sickness, and the bed of death, are all treated of, and afford, as they pass immediately under the eyes of the young people, an opportunity to the intelligent father to draw from them a striking and moral lesson of instruction.

The moral instruction in the prose or poetic narratives is usually poured into the mold of the horrible example or that of the black and white parallel—Industry and Idleness, Obedience and Disobedience, Humility and Pride, etc. The children of these didactic tales are seldom or never of mixed parts; like the little girl with the curl they are either very, very good—or horrid. The young readers are to be trained, apparently, to know their ethical right hands from the left; and to prefer the right. *The Monthly Preceptor*, an educational periodical, even offered prizes for the best essays written by the children and pupils of its subscribers. Most of the subjects assigned to children between the ages of twelve and sixteen show the moral trend of the times and are interesting, moreover, as examples of the theme subjects of a century ago. Here are a few chosen at random:

"To prove by argument and example the advantages and necessity of a habit of persevering industry in all human studies and pursuits."

"Which is preferable, great good nature with a little understanding or a cultivated mind with a peevish disposition?"

"To shew by argument and example the happiness of the middle stations of life; and that it is true wisdom to pursue in all things what has been termed the golden mean."

"To shew by argument and example the absolute necessity of the strictest adherence to Truth on every occasion; and the wickedness and meanness of every evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation intended to deceive."

"Whether the laws of Solon or those of Lycurgus were most conducive to the virtue and happiness of mankind."

"To prove by argument and example the excellency of Gratitude as a moral and Christian virtue."

"To prove by argument and example the advantages of early piety."

"To shew by argument and example whether the vice of slander or of theft has done most mischief in the world."

"Which of the Arts or Sciences has aided most the cause of Virtue, and has been most conducive to happiness?"

It is not difficult to discover from a reading of these didactic books just what conceptions of virtue and vice the pre-Victorians had, and into just what moral strait-jackets they tried to fit their children. I must be satisfied here, however, to show the importance which they attached to a single virtue, kindness to animals. In its list of essay subjects *The Monthly Preceptor* includes "Of humanity to the Brute Creation as a moral and Christian duty." Animals, birds, and even insects are treated more sentimentally than scientifically in dozens of little books such as *The Perambulations of a Mouse*, *The Escapes and Preservation of a Hare*, *The Biography of a Spaniel*, and *The Life and Adventures of a Fly*, and numerous narratives in prose and verse miscellanies for the children preach the sermon of consideration for all living creatures. So strong was this sentiment, in fact, that it spread beyond the bounds of juvenile literature and is found elsewhere, for example, in Strutt's *The Sports and Pastimes of the English People* (first published in 1834) where the descriptions of bull and bear-baiting and of the boyish sport of "spinning" chafers give way to sermonettes against cruelty to animals. To-day children are taught to "swat the fly" and are paid for bringing in the dead insects; the pre-Victorian youngsters were told that since flies purify the atmosphere, food should be spread for them, and they should be treated with every consideration. As we read in *Edwin and Henry* Mr. Friendly's rebuke to Frederick Giddy for killing a beetle and in *The Life and Adventures of a Fly* Jackey Lovebook's sentimental address to the insect which he has rescued from his bowl of milk, it is difficult not to think of the pre-Victorians as in a fair way toward the establishment of a sacred animal cult like that of the Egyptians. In the wood-cut illustration of Jackey's rescue of the fly, the benevolent child is sitting opposite his perfect parent with the rescued fly—big as a barn-swallow in the cut—drying its wings on Jacky's spoon. Jackey is thus addressing it: "Poor, helpless, harmless fly. . . Perhaps, papa, this poor fly has a father, or a mother, or a

brother, or a sister, who would have been grieved even to death had he not returned to them . . . and I am as happy to have saved him, as if any body had given me a crown—poor as I am, papa.”

The relationship of all this virtue to the principles of Christian living, as the pre-Victorians understood them, is immediately apparent, and the reader of the touching story of Jackey and the fly cannot be surprised to learn from a footnote that Jackey Lovebook became a minister of the church and can be met further in a history of his career published by Mrs. Newbery. Virtuous living left “no room for mirth nor trifling here”, as one of the stories reminds us. Holy dying, indeed, was regarded as much safer for a child than unholy living. As a result of this conception many of the books are filled with accounts of the passing of young saints. We should expect to meet such material in *The Primitive Methodist's Children's Magazine*—volume 5 of which, published in 1829, I have in my collection,—but even here the stories are startlingly lugubrious. At the beginning of many numbers of this magazine appears a tombstone, supporting on either side a smudgy angel, and inscribed with the name of some little pre-Victorian who has enjoyed a “happy death” during the preceding month. The detailed account of the dissolution of the young saint aimed apparently at teaching that it is more blessed to die than to live and at warning other children that

Amidst our cheer
DEATH may be near
All shortly must
Be laid in dust.

But the Primitive Methodists had by no means a monopoly of this material. Two of the Easter holidays spent by Edwin and Henry with their instructive father were devoted to watching the passing and interment of a boy of their own age. Other subjects connected with religion appear frequently. Sabbath-breaking is the subject, for example, of a long narrative poem in *The Vicar's Fireside*. It tells how Frederick, the minister's naughty son, who cut church to go swimming on the Sabbath, was drowned for his sins.

His sabbaths so hated were numbered and o'er—
At the chime of their bells he awakened no more.

All the distressing details of Frederick's escapade and fate are narrated without the slightest trace of that playful fancy which Goethe employed in his poem of the errant church-bell that waddled across fields after the boy who had tried to run away from its summons.

The marked effect of all this excess of morality on the popular biography for juveniles is an influence interesting to trace. The modern garbage school of biography presents but one literary aspect of a society in which a vociferous and persistent minority is voicing its desire for less social restraint and more freedom, especially in matters of sex relationships. Similarly, but separated from current biography by a great gulf of difference in conceptions, the pre-Victorian popular biographers stressed the virtues of their subjects just as those of the present cancer school stress the vices. The writing of M. Berquin, the French author of the highly moral and instructive *L'Ami des Enfants* is thus characterized in *The Monthly Preceptor*:

A love of virtue, a tender sensibility, a love of industry, an attachment to duty, filial piety, firmness, and fortitude, are the principal subjects of his lessons, where morality hides itself under the transparent veil [*sic*] of interesting and amusing fiction.

Lady Jane Grey, Lady Elizabeth Hastings, Elizabeth Woodville, and other notable "females" selected as notable examples for pre-Victorian young ladies to follow are poured into the mold of the period and emerge strikingly like the youthful Princess Victoria. The two frontispieces of *The History of Elizabeth Woodville* depict her as milking a cow and bridling a pony, simple chores which would appear to middle-class pre-Victorians as good things to do, and Lady Elizabeth Hastings is thus characterized:

Conspicuous virtue and piety in persons of high rank and great fortune, have a powerful and extensive influence upon the manners and sentiments of their contemporaries and leave a blessing besides of inestimable value to posterity.

. . . The subject of the present sketch was a woman of exalted goodness, and affords a strong proof that the Christian graces are the greatest ornaments of the female character.

Such series of biographical sketches as *Buds of Genius*, or *some account of the early lives of celebrated characters who were remarkable in their childhood* show the natural disposition of the biographers for the young to treat especially the youth of their subjects. A corresponding tendency is to give the stories of the virtuous deeds of children who died young. History is ransacked for such prodigies, and since the moral lesson is of much more importance than historical fact, these infants form a truly remarkable gallery of youthful saints and martyrs.

Although in the training of the young ladies and gentlemen of the pre-Victorian days character came first, it must not be supposed that secular instruction was neglected. The English world was moving rapidly toward a more complete democracy, and every member of the commonwealth must be enlightened. The popular books for children are filled, therefore, with all sorts of miscellaneous information—and much misinformation—English and foreign history, government, ethnology, social customs, geography, travel and exploration, industries, popular sciences, and natural history. Manifestly the nineteenth century began its task of preparing the English world for living in an industrial age long before Huxley and Arnold debated on the place of science in the scheme of education. Much of the information designed to improve the mind, like that designed to build up the character, is embodied in dialogues between father and son or teacher and pupil. Pictures are fairly abundant but are not always accurate. In *The Juvenile Library*, for example, which claims to include "a complete course of instruction in every useful subject", the manatee's head is ridiculously small and the sword-fish's sword curiously short, while the chimpanzee, provided by the modest artist with an ample towel that is draped gracefully about its body, bears a striking resemblance to a hydrocephalic negro boy headed for the bath-tub. But with all their defects these illustrations must have provided a welcome relief from the eternal instruction in the text.

In trying to show by a very sketchy analysis of some of the characteristics of these children's books of the pre-Victorian period the extent to which didacism prevailed, I have not meant to suggest, of course, that there was no other reading. Not only could the pre-Victorians draw, if they chose, upon the prose and poetry we still read as the contribution of the period to permanent literature, but the girl who spent a trying day with her governess or in the company of an omniscient mother could, if she dared, dip fearfully into one of the sixpenny or shilling shockers of the Gothic school which preceded the much greater novels of the Magician of the North. Here are the names of a few such tales, thoroughly unsuited, it will be noted, for the reading of a virtuous young female of the middle classes:

- (1) *Lovel Castle or the Rightful Heir Restored;*
- (2) *Lermos and Rosa or the Fortunate Gipsey Girl;*
- (3) *The Cavern of Horrors of Miranda;*
- (4) *Lewis Tyrrell or the Depraved Count;*
- (5) *Edmund and Albina or Gothic Times;*
- (6) *Julia of Elmwood or the Curate's Daughter;*
- (7) *Almagro and Claude or Monastic Murder, Exemplified in the Dreadful Doom of an Unfortunate Nun;*
- (8) *The Black Forest—Translated from the German;*
- (9) *Horatio and Camilla or The Nuns of St. Mary.*

That such reading was sometimes indulged in surreptitiously by adolescent females would appear from the significant assignment in *The Monthly Preceptor* of the following prize essay topic: "for young ladies who have not exceeded their 16th year": "Whether such a love of novels as excludes all other reading, or no reading at all, is most to be condemned?" The first prize went to Miss Elizabeth Parker, aged fifteen, whose root-and-branch condemnation of all novels begins thus: "The love of Novels is, without doubt, extremely pernicious, as it introduces false ideals into the mind, vitiates the taste, and has a tendency to corrupt the heart." For this determined condemnation of literary excursions into the realm of fancy Elizabeth was awarded "a Planetarium, value three guineas". Her

father, Joseph Parker, Esquire, attested that his daughter's essay was the effort of her own mind. But, he added honestly, "I cannot say she is free from bias in her opinions, for her eldest sister (who has had the pleasing employment of her education) had always discountenanced an indiscriminate admission of Novels, and indeed she has not perused any without her approbation and inspection." *The Monthly Preceptor* made its award without comment, and whether Elizabeth Parker devoted her young days to intensive experiments with her Planetarium and Tellurium and attained local celebrity as a female astronomer, or became a rebel and a confirmed reader of *The Bleeding Nun* and other Gothic tales is a question as puzzling as "what song the Sirens sang or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among the women". I fear that Elizabeth did not escape. The whole weight of a moral period given to the chastening of the spirit and the perpetual enlightening of the mind rested heavily upon her young shoulders, and my last acquaintance with her shows her earning the third prize, "Irvine's Elements of English Composition" for an essay on the "respective merits of the antients and moderns in science and literature"; here again her bondage to convention is attested by the conscientious father and the faithful older sister.

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THE VICTORIANISM OF W. S. GILBERT

It may seem odd to think of W. S. Gilbert as an important representative of Victorianism. He is not in the same class with Tennyson and Browning, granted; for he is not a poet at all, only a versifier. Still, his gifts of light satire and playful humor have given him a popularity at the present day at least as great as theirs, and he is of equal importance as an index of the spirit of his age. Tennyson and Browning took their Victorianism seriously; Gilbert did not openly attack contemporary civilization, like Samuel Butler, but he treated it more gaily than the great poets did. He was able to make mild fun of its shortcomings in adroit paradoxes and sly understatements at the same time that, with delightful whimsicality, he glorified its major premises. The lines that fall from the lips of his characters cannot safely be taken as literal expressions of his own point of view; but the bewildering variety of Gilbert's comic inventiveness does not obscure the fact that his basic ideas were those of a conservative Victorian.

Literature in the Victorian age was fundamentally conservative, and why should it not have been? Things were going well for England in the days of the great Queen. The Empire was being extended in all quarters of the globe; Canada, Australia, Africa, and India were rapidly growing in importance. There were no foreign wars of the magnitude of the Napoleonic conflicts, for the Crimean episode can hardly be considered more than a minor operation. The Reform Bills of 1867 and 1884 were hastening the advance of democratic government. Factories were increasing, and industrial prosperity followed in their wake. The invention of steamboats, railroads, and the telegraph was making travel and communication more easy. Education was growing by leaps and bounds; the spirit of religious toleration was abroad in the land. On the whole there seemed little cause for unrest or uneasiness as to the way the world was wagging.

Under the surface, to be sure, there were disquieting symptoms, apparent to the more thoughtful. Imperialism, Democ-

racy, and Industrialism have their dangers, but these were not obvious in the first flush of success. The average Englishman, like the hero of *Locksley Hall*, may have felt some vague stirrings of distrust, but he was willing to quiet them for the sake of the bright hopes held out by the next "fifty years of Europe". W. S. Gilbert was such a person. He saw the absurdities, if not the perils, of much in the Victorian régime, but he was content to accept life as it was going on about him on its own terms. He valued British institutions for the good that they were achieving and criticized only their less significant features; his adverse criticism is of the limited kind permitted by Englishmen to Englishmen, not to outsiders.

His treatment of the British navy is a case in point. The navy was England's greatest asset and, as such, must be properly respected. Gilbert permitted himself to laugh at the eccentricities of the First Lord of the Admiralty, who polished up the handle of the big front door so carefully that now he's the Ruler of the Queen's Navee. Sir Joseph Porter stuck close to his desk and never went to sea until he got his present office, so that he is quite unfitted for the position. But does the navy suffer on that account? Certainly not. Those in high place may be inefficient, but the back-bone of the service sees to it that all goes well. The captain of the *Pinafore* is a right good captain; he can manage his ship skilfully, and he is never known to quail at the fury of a gale. He is slightly ridiculed for his excessive politeness, but the gallant hero, a common seaman, escapes completely unharmed by criticism. This ideal young man delights in frequent proud boasts as to his nationality and profession: "A British tar is a soaring soul". "Josephine, I am a British sailor, and I love you", "I am a Eng-man—behold me." Breathes there an Englishman with soul so dead who does not see in the disparagement of other nationalities, from Roosian to Itali-an, an indirect appeal to patriotic fervor?

Gilbert's pride in the British navy is reflected in his attitude towards the Queen under whose auspices it fought. The final triumph of the police over the Pirates of Penzance is

effected in the name of loyalty and allegiance. (Charged to yield in Queen Victoria's name, the Pirate King is baffled and succumbs, "because, with all our faults, we love our Queen") a triumph for the most personal kind of Victorianism.) Then that the patriotism of the regular army may not be outdone by that of outlaws from justice, the pirates are revealed as noblemen who have gone wrong, which brings tears to the eyes of the very model of a modern major-general, "because, with all our faults, we love our House of Peers." Gilbert himself loves the whole structure of English society, with all its faults, just this side idolatry.

Its weaknesses were evident to him too, particularly those of the House of Peers, as he shows very clearly in *Iolanthe*. This opera, one of the very best of the librettos, contains his most outspoken criticism of those "paragons of legislation, pillars of the British nation". Lord Mountararat sings of their lack of intellectual eminence in good Queen Bess's time and their doing nothing in particular when Wellington thrashed Bonaparte. In Victoria's reign they were no more able and with the rise of democracy, less important. When the fairies arrange that the peerage is to be thrown open to Competitive Examination and so recruited from persons of intelligence, the question is, "What's to become of the House of Commons?" The House of Peers has been a decorative luxury in the past, but when intellectualized it will cease to have an independent existence. Under the new order it will coalesce with the lower house, so that the present lords may fly away to Fairyland, unnoticed and unmourned. The House of Peers is an institution "not susceptible of any improvement at all", a state of affairs which reduces it to a nonentity and at the same time softens the satire directed against it. In this way the topsy-turvydom of *Iolanthe* becomes a perfectly innocuous, if utterly charming, realm.

One of its inhabitants, the Lord Chancellor, embodies Gilbert's view of another pillar of the British nation, the law. It is not subjected to such a harsh attack as it has received from many another satirist; for the Lord Chancellor merely insists with absurd pomposity that "the Law is the true embodi-

ment of everything that's excellent" and lays his own rise in the profession to a rigorous prosecution of duty. He admits that he is working on a new and original plan in feeling that professional license has been carried too far, but the result has justified his honesty. The weakness of the law, according to Gilbert, lies in the conflict which its machine-like nature causes with the ordinary humanity of its practitioners. The Lord Chancellor is chiefly occupied with his function as guardian of the young wards in Chancery, and as he is a highly susceptible Chancellor, he finds the dictates of his heart interfering with the impartial administration of justice. He is never so inconsistent as the Judge in *Trial by Jury*, who dissolves the breach of promise suit that he is trying by marrying the Plaintiff himself, an act which may call his legal judgeship into question but indisputably proves that of beauty he's a judge—"and a good judge too."

Trial by Jury is a significant document in Gilbert's treatment of sex; the casual way in which the Judge succumbs to the charms of the Plaintiff suggests not only a carelessness as to the sanctity of law, but also a lack of violent physical attraction on either side. One need not take this lack too seriously, as the comic opera tradition demands a general pairing off of all the characters at the final curtain. Still there is an indication throughout Gilbert's work that he did not consider the relation between the sexes as a vital matter. His most pronounced views on the subject are to be found in the *Princess Ida*, an operatic per-version of Tennyson's poem on woman's position in the Victorian scheme of things. The Laureate had made the error of conceiving female celibacy a necessary adjunct of female education, and by doing so he had reduced Ida's ideal experiment to the absurd. Gilbert, with his keen perception of the ridiculous, at once saw the comic possibilities of the theme and made the most of them. For women to forswear the society of men seemed to Tennyson wrong and to Gilbert absurd, but both writers were agreed upon the unnaturalness of Ida's program. The God of Things as They Are rules Gilbert's world to such an extent that virginity was abhorrent to him and

marriage a good in itself. Even love, though not so good as marriage, was a means to that desirable end and was to be tolerated or condescendingly approved.

Love must be upheld because it leads to marriage and children and the home, dearest of Victorian institutions; love as a spiritual factor in life is beyond Gilbert's ken, and the same holds true of his attitude towards beauty, art, and poetry. He is well within his rights in satirizing Reginald Bunthorne in *Patience*, for the insincerity of pseudo-æstheticism makes it an easy target. What Gilbert did not appreciate was the reality which Bunthorne was imitating when he altered his model from mediævalism to pastoral simplicity. The idyllic poet, Archibald Grosvenor, possesses a true feeling for the arts, but he is ridiculed for his approach to perfection. *Patience* can only love the fallible, so that the solution for Grosvenor is to become commonplace. The idyllic poet is certainly superior to the sham poet, but the idyllic poet must yield to the ordinary man. Grosvenor might be said to represent Gilbert's version of the Victorian Laureate; Tennyson had within him the potentialities of a great poet, but in adapting himself to his age he submerged his imagination and he won his Queen. Grosvenor in like manner won his *Patience*, and Gilbert gained his contemporary popularity by calmly accepting the commonplace in a day when poetry was no more popular than was the ideal in sex or politics.

Gilbert finds funny those things which do not conform to the spirit of his time, and he did not dare the apparent impiety of suggesting a better world. He never transcends the limitations of time and space or devotes any real attention to the relation of man to an unseen universe. His supernatural beings are of such a gossamer variety that their power over human affairs is trivial and superficial, as when the fairies in *Iolanthe* occupy their energies with reorganizing the already superfluous House of Peers. In *Thespis; or, the Gods Grown Old*, the first work on which Gilbert and Sullivan collaborated, the mortals and immortals appear on something like equal terms. Here the gods concerned are the Greek divinities, who give up their rule in favor of a travelling theatrical troupe. Thespis assures

Jupiter that the pristine glory of the gods is gone—in fact they're behind the times; and he feels that he can run the world after a much improved fashion. At the end of the year, however, bad matters have become worse, and mortals are sending indignant complaints to protest against the fact that Saturday has been dropped from the calendar, that grapes yield nothing but ginger beer, and that war has been abolished. These rational changes are unpopular, especially the last and most ideal one, for "now that nations can't fight, no two of 'em are on speaking terms. The dread of fighting was the only thing that kept them civil to each other". No wonder that before Thespis is driven from Olympus he despairingly sings:

Now, here you see the arrant folly
Of doing your best to make things jolly.
I've ruled the world like a chap in his senses,
Observe the terrible consequences.

An ideal scheme is similarly ridiculed in *The Sorcerer*, this time in the realm of marriage. Alexis "has made some converts to the principle, that men and women should be coupled in matrimony without distinction of rank", but the aristocracy has held aloof, so that he resorts to black magic to further his plan. Ultimately it recoils upon his own head, and he is the first to wish for a return to original conditions. All ends happily, but Gilbert has shown through the person of Alexis that the natural view of sex is more satisfactory than the transcendental one. There is much common-sense here, and still more in the ridicule of an ideal government in *The Gondoliers*. In Barataria all Departments rank equally, and everybody is at the head of his department. The inconveniences are obvious, and the inevitable logic is expressed in the Grand Inquisitor's well-known song:

In short, whoever you may be,
To this conclusion you'll agree,
When every one is somebodee,
Then no one's anybody!

In politics, as in love-making, Gilbert seems to say radical changes are of no avail; whatever is, is right.

He definitely repudiates the philosophic ideal in such a play as *The Palace of Truth*, where a justification of falsehood is implied, and his partial notion of perfection is aptly summed up in the title, *Utopia, Limited*. This piece, written near the end of his partnership with Sullivan, does not contain the creative exuberance of his early work, but in it his creed is not obscured by unessentials. Here the Princess Zara returns to to Utopia from England, "the greatest, the most powerful, the wisest country in the world", with "six representatives of the principal causes that have tended to make England the powerful, happy, and blameless country the consensus of European civilization has declared it to be". One of these imported flowers of progress organizes Utopia as a Company Limited, and such prosperity ensues that there is soon no work to be done by doctors, lawyers, or soldiers. The sanitary and legal improvements are epoch-making, and the army and navy are put "upon so irresistible a basis that all the neighbouring nations have disarmed—and War's impossible!" Indeed Utopia seems about to decay of dry rot until Party Government is introduced as a certain panacea, "because one party will assuredly undo all that the other party has done." From this time on, "Utopia will no longer be a Monarchy (Limited), but, what is a great deal better, a Limited Monarchy!"

This apotheosis of an ideal state until it becomes "England—with improvements" is characteristically Gilbertian. It implies that England is not perfect as it is, but that it is progressing on the right track to a heaven upon earth. The absurdities of Victorian existence are only slightly caused by its falling short of what it might be; for the most part they depend upon minor deviations from the established order. To Gilbert, contemporary life appeared on the whole good, so that he could sum up his attitude towards the world by complacently and comfortingly singing,

And I am right,
And you are right
And all is right as right can be!

This view of life has both its strength and its weakness. It is well to be in sympathy with the world about one, but it is

dangerous to imagine that complete perfection is just around the corner. The true artist is concerned with the abstractions of Truth and Beauty and cannot be satisfied with earthly, imperfect realizations of his dreams. (Complacency is a death-blow to great art, and complacency was the outstanding characteristic of the Victorian age.) Gilbert had his share of this quality; it underlies all his literary work. That is why, although his comedies occasionally appeal to the critical faculty, they always leave us with a pleasant feeling of universal well-being. And that is why, delightful as Gilbert's phantasies are, they pale before the works of that author to which they have so often been compared. When Gilbert is termed "a *Victorian Aristophanes*", the much abused adjective takes on a renewed sting.

HENRY TEN EYCK PERRY.

University of Buffalo.

FUTURE'S FEARSOME SHADOW

You called, and woke me brusquely from my sleep.
It angered me, I was tired and wanted to keep
The dream of rest I enjoyed longer still,
But as I slept the sharp note of your shrill
Voice awakened me and I started up,
Feet to floor, and out of bed in a leap,
And cursing you, and I believe I would
Nearly have killed you had I felt I could.

That was that instant; a second later when
I realized you were a voice from the world of men
My mien was changed; I was glad to be awake
My sleep was over, my fatigue was slaked,
I did not hate, and glad that you had called
I thought of The Impotent Day and was appalled.

MERRILL MOORE.

THE VICTORIANNES OF THOMAS HARDY

Thomas Hardy, the greatest English writer of our time, was not of our time only. He stood alone not only for the height of his achievement but for the length of his span. His earliest poems are dated 1865—the year of *Essays in Criticism* and *Sesame and Lilies*. His first novel was published in 1871, the year of Darwin's *Descent of Man*. After a series of novels covering twenty-five years, novels that have set his name among the foremost in English fiction, he turned irrevocably to the poetry he had first and always sought, and produced, amid the stream of lyrics of unflagging vigor and vitality, *The Dynasts*, the most significant poem of our age. He has lived to be hailed as master, even in his own land, to hear the English public acclaim the very novels it at first attacked, and to be revered by the younger writers, as Rebecca West has said, as “a kind of saint”.

The younger generation is hardly wont to seek its saints among the Victorians. It would indignantly deny that the author of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and *Jude the Obscure* was, in any sense of that abused term, a Victorian. And if, as it usually assumes, Victorianism were simply complacency, compromise, and cant, Hardy would be its very antithesis. But it is only of the first decades of Victoria's reign, the age of the first *Locksley Hall*, that these terms can be fairly used. The period that opened in 1859 with *The Origin of Species*, with the immortal duel between Bishop Wilberforce and Huxley, and the explosion over *Essays and Reviews*, was stirred to its depths by ardent controversy. In the words of one of its greatest spokesmen: “Those years—say from 1860 to 1890—were an animated, hopeful, interesting, and on the whole, either by reason of, or in spite of, its perpetual polemics, a happy generation . . . a generation of intrepid effort forward.”¹ And some of the root ideas of Hardy's work, the great themes that resound from the

¹ John Morley: *Recollections*.

early lyrics through the novels to *The Dynasts*, are themes that were beaten out of the struggles of those fighting sixties and seventies, themes that echo through the writings of George Eliot and Matthew Arnold, of Mill and Morley, of Leslie Stephen and Huxley. To trace a few of these recurrent Victorian problems in Hardy's work may quicken our sense of his art.

For with all his intense—and Victorian—absorption in problems, Hardy was first and last artist, not thinker. Critics who would pluck out the heart of his philosophy in a formula would do well to heed his own warnings. Of one of his volumes of poems, for example, he writes that it will be found to possess "little cohesion of thought or harmony of coloring". And he adds significantly: "I do not greatly regret this. Unadjusted impressions have their value, and the road to a true philosophy of life seems to be in humbly recording diverse readings of its phenomena as they are forced upon us by chance."² True it is that from the art of Hardy, as from all great art, there emerges a philosophy—the tragic metaphysic finely interpreted by Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie and others: the human spirit eternally frustrated in its struggle with "the implacable, impersonal drift of things". But, as always in art, the real unity of Hardy's work is that of personality rather than of logic. And the prevailing sombreness of Hardy's "twilight view of life", as Meredith once called it, is made up of hues as various as the blended shades of a twilight landscape.

Nowhere are these diverse moods more striking and more like echoes of the striving voices of the age than in Hardy's various interpretations of that aspect of the mystery of things that we call Nature. And nowhere is his art more sure. To many of Hardy's readers, Wessex is more real than their own townships. In novels like *Far from the Madding Crowd* or *The Woodlanders*, Nature herself is the real protagonist, and the lives of farmers and foresters are one with her vast processes. Sheep-shearing and harvesting, the waxing and waning of love, are as much a part of the cycle of the seasons as summer's heat

²Preface to *Poems of the Past and Present*, 1901.

and winter's storm. "Natural processes", Hardy says of Tess, "seemed part of her own story." In this poetic rendering of the interwoven life of man and Nature, Hardy often recalls Wordsworth. Scenes like the magnificent starlit hilltop at the opening of *Far from the Madding Crowd*, or the midsummer eve in *The Woodlanders*, carry us back to *A Night Piece* and *The Prelude*. Hardy's Gabriel Oak and Wordsworth's Michael are brothers in a dignity undwarfed by the grandeur of their moors and hills.

But the likeness ends there. Over against the "beauteous forms" of Tintern Abbey, the

. . . sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns
And the round ocean and the living air
And the blue sky, and in the heart of man,

arises the twilight majesty of Egdon Heath, "singularly colossal and mysterious in its swarthy monotony". Whether or not Egdon Heath is, as Hardy suggests, the typical scene for the nature-lover of the future, its "lonely face, suggesting tragical possibilities", is the symbol of Hardy's view of Nature. Here is his grim retort to the Wordsworthian idealization of Nature: "Some people would like to know whence the poet whose philosophy is in these days deemed as profound and trustworthy as his song is sweet and pure, gets his authority for speaking of 'Nature's holy plan'."³

For Hardy's protest against the romantic conception of a beneficent Nature is the very voice of mid-nineteenth-century rationalism. Not only the scientists, but the poets, and even the theologians, had shaken the older sentimental deism "that looked from Nature up to Nature's God." The new science that revealed a "Nature red in tooth and claw with ravin" had permeated literature, finding a voice in the poignant questionings of *In Memoriam*. Even that stronghold of orthodoxy, Butler's *Analogy*, had conceded that a world so full of evil was not the strongest proof of a beneficent God, and had confirmed

³ *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*.

James Mill in his refusal to believe that the Creator of such a world could combine infinite power with perfect goodness. And it was his more famous son, John Stuart Mill, who penned in his essay on *Nature* an indictment of the wanton waste and cruelty of "nature's every day performances" that transformed his cold logic into literature. His verdict (concluded the year before Darwin published the *Origin of Species*), that human conduct must amend, not imitate, the course of Nature, recalls Arnold's "Man must begin, know this, where nature ends", and anticipates Huxley's famous judgment in *Evolution and Ethics* (1893): "Let us understand, once for all, that the ethical progress of society depends, not on imitating the cosmic process, still less in running away from it, but in combatting it". Or, as paraphrased by a modern scientist: "The conquest of nature, not the imitation of nature, is the whole duty of man."

Hardy, writing amid the battle for the new science, is steeped in its teachings. Like George Eliot, the pioneer of the novel of ideas, he not only turns scientific facts to imaginative uses, but makes his grey stories instances of the inexorable laws of character and circumstance. So Tess and the milkmaids are victims of "an emotion thrust on them by cruel Nature's law". And like Mill, Hardy is driven to deep indignation at what Jude calls "the scorn of Nature for man's finer emotions". With Sue, he cries out, "Oh, why should Nature's law be mutual butchery?" With Phillotson, he declares, "Cruelty is the law pervading all Nature and Society."

But side by side with the scientist's conception of Nature, with the humanist's indictment of her, we find utterly different images. In one of the earliest novels, *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, (1873), there is a scene that vividly illustrates this antinomy. The hero is hanging in deadly peril on the face of the terrible precipice over which he has slipped. "He could only look sternly at Nature's treacherous attempt to put an end to him, and strive to thwart her." As he struggles, the imbedded fossil that catches his eye sends his geologist's mind in a momentary sweep through the centuries, surveying the mon-

strous procession of life in a flash of the scientist's imagination. The next instant his mind swings back to the primeval imaginings of the "musing, weather-beaten West-country folks": he confronts, not the Nature of law and science, but the cruel Being of lawless caprice. The very wind whose current he had rashly attempted to test, now seems a cosmic agent of hostility, "active, lashing, eager for conquest".

The philosophic import of this scene is as striking as is its dramatic effect. Nature is seen in successive flashes as impersonal law and as lawless being. Logically, the scene is a paradox; artistically, it expresses two phases, the reasoned and the emotional, of Hardy's revolt. It is possible to interpret these phases, as does Dr. Samuel C. Chew in his recent study, as successive stages in the growth of Hardy's thought from an earlier anthropomorphic conception of Nature, first as conspirator against Man, then as a fellow-sufferer with Man, to a later scientific determinism. But inasmuch as the old indignation against Nature flames out in the passages just quoted from the very last novel, while the personifications recur throughout the poetry, one may, I think, take them quite simply as expressions of varying mood rather than stages of systematic thought. For Hardy is first and always the artist, now seizing the new conceptions of science, now recalling the age-old pagan traditions of Wessex folk-lore, finally creating his own image for Nature, the blind, groping "Sleep-Walker" of his poetry. And it is deeply characteristic of his own spirit that the recurrent note of the lyrics in which Nature is thus personified is that of pity for her blindness rather than indignation for her unconscious cruelties. Thus he pictures Nature the Mother mourning her unwitting ways to man and thus appeals to her children's mercy:

Deal, then, her groping skill no scorn; no note of malediction,
Assist her when thy creaturely dependence can or may.
For thou art of her clay.⁴

This linking of Nature and Man is the one note of likeness between Hardy's dealing with Nature and that "reading of

⁴"The Lacking Sense."

Earth" that is the recurrent theme of Meredith's poetry. No groping sleep-walker is Meredith's Earth:

This Earth of the beautiful breasts
Shining up in all colours aflame.

She is a "Mother of grace", seemingly heedless of Man's cries, slayer of the weaklings, yet "showing a kind face and sweet" to those of her children who live by her laws. For earth is truly our "feeding root", the Mother not only of our blood, but of brain, and spirit, that "Triad" of our slowly growing powers. Thus human life is a struggle, not as with Huxley and Mill, away from Nature, but into fuller harmony with her:

She being spirit in her clods
Footway to the God of Gods.⁶

Earth and Man is Meredith's noble song of man's struggle with the "shapeless and the dun" without, and "the passion Self" within—a struggle through which he wins to order and beauty and oneness with the law and purpose of Earth:

He builds the soaring spires
That sing his soul in stone: of her he draws,
Though blind to her, by spelling at her laws,
Her purest fires.

If he aloft for aid
Imploring storms, her essence is the spur.
Her cry to heaven is a cry to her
He would evade.

And her desires are those
For happiness, for lastingness, for light.

Such moments of tragic experience in which Earth brings to the stricken spirit strength and healing are disclosed in the poem *A Faith on Trial* and in the crisis of *Richard Feverel*, the prose poem "Nature Speaks." So Spirit and Earth are finally at one:

For love we Earth, then serve we all;
Her mystic secret then is ours.⁶

Meredith's faith in Earth, a faith rooted in science but flowering into a kind of mysticism, finds few echoes among his con-

⁵ "Woods of Westermains."

⁶ "The Truth in February."

temporaries. But his hope of Man's ultimate self-conquest links him with that great hope of the nineteenth century which was replacing the old beneficent Providence by the new religion of Humanity. Does Hardy, too, share the high hopes for human destiny that illumine the grave rationalism of a Mill, a George Eliot, a John Morley?

For Hardy's conception of our social order, we must turn to his latest novels, *Tess* and *Jude*. In the earlier novels, society is simple, static, a background almost as changeless as the heath itself. Warren's malthouse and the Casterbridge bystreets furnish, it is true, chorus and comment for the action of the drama; but the destinies of Gabriel Oak and Michael Henshard are wrought not by social forces, not even by a blind Nature of nescient will, but by their own endurances and passions. In *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, however, Society becomes an active force determining the heroine's fate by its conventions. And it is against the social rather than the natural order that Hardy hurls his indictment. Tess, "an almost typical woman", is the victim of "an arbitrary law of society which had no foundation in nature." Clare, the cultured idealist, is yet the slave of convention, of the æsthetic tradition with "its abhorrence of the unintact state". Clare's spurning of Tess, his tragic failure to understand her real spiritual integrity, is the sentence of a blind social order. Yet there are passages in which Hardy's consistency is swept aside by outbursts of indignation against the frame of things entire, "the fundamental injustice of man's existence", passages such as the famous but irrelevant conclusion: "Justice was done, and the President of the Immortals . . . had ended his sport with Tess." What need had Hardy of a malignant deity as scape-goat for his great novel of man's inhumanity to man?

Jude the Obscure is likewise presented as the victim of social convention, of "the artificial scheme of things under which the normal sex-impulses are turned into devilish domestic gins and springes to noose and hold back those who want to progress". But here the case against Society is weakened, not only by the folly of the first marriage of both Jude and Sue, but by the

very natures of two beings so unfitted for marriage as the absorbed student and the sensitive ethereal girl, "a distinct type . . . intended by Nature to be left intact". Here, far more than in *Tess*, the tragic issue is blurred by Hardy's blanket indictment of Nature, Society, and whatever Powers there be. If the human will is indeed doomed to eternal frustration, the struggle truly availeth naught. If there is no hope in resistance, there is no tragedy.

We need only to recall the outcries aroused by *Tess* and *Jude* to realize how far Hardy's social criticism outran his time. In his attack on the current morality of marriage and sex relations he is of the moderns, not of the Victorians. John Stuart Mill and Meredith alone anticipated him in claiming for women a large freedom to live and love. But Mill's great argument against the subjection of women in politics, in work, in marriage, is based on the same faith in the reason of woman and of man that underlies his plea for *Liberty*. Hardy's heroines, on the contrary, are, as he says of *Tess*, the greatest of them, "vessels of emotions rather than reason". They are victims of circumstance, of unscrupulous lovers, of their own fears and passions. Bathshebe Everdene makes "no attempt to control her feeling" by thought of consequences. Eustacia Vye, lamenting that she has been "crushed by things beyond her control", is in reality the prey of her own uncontrolled desires. Through her emotions, the innocent Elfride is lead into deceit, the passionate Viviette to self-imolation, the high-souled Grace to inconstancy. And Sue Bridehead, "ethereal, fine-nerved, sensitive", breaks down finally in self-torture and desertion of Jude. Here, to sum them up, is Hardy's comment on the sleeping girls in Sue's school: ". . . Every face bearing the legend, 'the Weaker', upon it, as the penalty of the sex wherein they were moulded, which by no possible exertion of their willing hearts and abilities could be made strong, while the inexorable laws of nature remain what they are."

Women, Hardy seems to insist, are doomed by their very natures to an emotional instability, unable to withstand the impact of life. For answer one recalls the heroines of Meredith—

the gentle Lucy, the sensitive Clara, the passionate Diana. They, too, are surely beset by man's unfaithfulness, by society's taboo, by their own traitorous impulses. But in the depths of their own natures they find strength,—strength of mind and heart to sustain them; they are souls "born active, wind-beaten, but ascending". And we need not forget those humbler, but heroic figures among Hardy's own women: Marty South, Elizabeth Jane, Tess herself, who do not conquer, but who through sheer integrity and devotion endure to the uttermost.

No, Hardy does not belong among those ardent spirits of his time whose faith in progress toward a better social order sustained their battles and their denials. He is closer akin to those prophets of protest—Carlyle, Ruskin, and the rest—whose outcries against human injustice and misery had stirred Victorian England to a great awakening. But Carlyle's stern faith in an eternal justice, Morris's radiant vision of a future brotherhood of man he cannot share. Like Browning, he sees man's life as a long conflict with hardship and evil, but his is not that joy in struggle that exclaims

Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough!

or that faith in the outcome that maintains

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days?

Yet we cannot take the bleak conclusion of *Jude the Obscure*, the eternal frustration and futility of man's endeavor, as Hardy's last word. He, himself, in a conversation with William Archer, while admitting the pessimism of his general view of life, insisted that "my practical philosophy is distinctly meliorist". "What are my books," Hardy went on, "but one plea against man's inhumanity to man—to woman—and to the lower animals? . . . Whatsoever may be the inherent good or evil of life, it is certain that men make it much worse than it need be."⁷ On that same note ends *Agnosto Theo*, the poem that might well stand as Hardy's apologia:

⁷ William Archer: *Real Conversations*.

For, in unwonted purlieus, far and nigh,
At whiles or short or long,
May be discerned a wrong
Dying as of self-slaughter; whereat I
Would raise my voice in song.

His own epitaph is in those haunting lines that close the 1920 edition of the *Complete Poems*:

AFTERWARDS

When the present has latched its postern behind my tremulous stay,
And the May month flaps its glad green leaves like wings,
Delicate-filmed as new spun silk, will the neighbors say,
'He was a man who used to notice such things'?

If I pass during some nocturnal blackness, mothy and warm,
When the hedgehog travels furtively over the lawn,
One may say, 'He strove that such innocent creatures should
come to no harm,
But he could do little for them; and now he is gone.'

Again we may appeal from Hardy the philosopher to Hardy the artist; from his judgments to his creations. That noble band of patient, devoted, enduring men and women—Clym Yeobright, Oak, Giles Winterborne, Marty South, Elisabeth Jane, Tess—are themselves witnesses that human sufferings are not all in vain. Their tragedies are moralized by their own nobility, and by the high compassion with which their stories are told.

There is a third aspect of Hardy's thought, the most significant for a study of his relation to his time. For the late nineteenth century was deeply concerned not only with laws of nature and of society but with what Carlyle called "the Infinities and Eternities." Nowhere in Hardy's work does the voice of the seventies sound more unmistakably than in his dealings with that "Overworld".⁸

At first his attitude may seem one of sheer negation. And denial it is, so far as it deals with orthodox Christian theology.

⁸The connections between Hardy and Schopenhauer have been fully analysed in Dr. Ernest Brennecke's *Thomas Hardy's Universe*. This essay aims not to controvert his position but to supplement it by tracing in Hardy's work connections with the great English thought movement of his formative years.

The nineteenth century rationalist's revolt against the creed of his fathers is the starting-point of Hardy's thought; *Agnostic Theism* is his premise, as it is that of his contemporaries, Huxley, W. K. Clifford, John Morley, or Leslie Stephen. Here is the conclusion of Leslie Stephen's famous manifesto, *An Agnostic's Apology*: "that the ancient secret is a secret still; that man knows nothing of the Infinite and Absolute; and that, knowing nothing, he had better not be dogmatic about his ignorance."

But Hardy's agnosticism is an assumption rather than a contention. There is in his work little of that strain of argument that permeates such famous tracts for the time as *An Agnostic's Apology* or the *Essay on Compromise*. Of religion, as of nature and man, Hardy speaks, in the main, as an artist, not as controversialist. It is true that some of his references to orthodoxy, some of his portraits of clergymen, are tinged with irony; but Angel Clare's father is drawn with a gentleness very different from Samuel Butler's relentless exposure of the Reverend Ernest Pontifex. The characterization of Christianity in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, "a creed which had served mankind well in its time", is echoed by the Spirit of the Pities, commenting on Napoleon's coronation rites:

I did not recognize it here, forsooth :
Though in its early, loving kindly days,
Of gracious purpose it was much to me. ⁹

Occasionally Hardy gives voice to the same moral indignation against the God of the old theology that animates John Stuart Mill's famous outburst: "I will call no being good, who is not what I mean when I apply that epithet to my fellow-creatures; and if such a being can sentence me to hell for not so calling him, to hell I will go". Herbert Spencer's indictment of "the cruelty of a god who condemns men to tortures which are eternal" rings through Hardy's conclusion on the catastrophe of Tess: "But though to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children may be a morality good enough for divinities, it is scorned by average human nature".

⁹ *The Dynasts*, Part I, I, 6.

Yet the prevailing mood, especially in the poems, is not so much of anger as of grave regret, the mood of an age

Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born,

"the chronic melancholy", as Hardy once put it, "which is taking hold of the civilized races with the decline of belief in a beneficent power". Such poems as *The Impercipient at a Cathedral Service* have something of the wistful note of Clough:

O, doth a bird deprived of wings
Go earthward wilfully?
Enough. As yet disquiet clings
About us. Rest shall we.

And Arnold never probed the sickness of his age more searchingly than do these fine lines from *The Sick God*:

Souls have grown seers, and thought outbrings
The mournful many-sidedness of things.

The Problem poses the rationalist's dilemma, the recurring question of Morley's *On Compromise* and Leslie Stephen's *Free-thinking and Plain-speaking*:

Shall we conceal the case or tell it,
We who believe the evidence?

God's Funeral sings the nineteenth century's requiem for the "man-projected Deity"; hails the "pale yet positive gleam" of the new day that seems always about to dawn on so many of these seekers; but ends, as do so many of them, "dazed and puzzled 'twixt the gleam and gloom".

As Hardy's laments for "blind Nature" read like an answer to Wordsworth, so his requiem for "a sick God" recalls Browning, "the last of the optimists", as Hardy once called him. Once, indeed, his reply is explicit. Angel Clare, watching Tess out of sight, "in the anguish of his heart quoted a line of a poet with a few improvements of his own:

'God's not in His heaven: all's wrong with the world!'

Over against Browning's growing certainties, we have the deepening hopelessness of Hardy's later novels, stamping Clym

Yeobright's expression with "the view of life as a thing to be put up with", declaring of Tess, "to her and to her like, birth itself was an ordeal of degrading personal compulsion", and creating the grotesque, pitiful little figure of Father Time, the child of Jude and Arabella, as the very symbol of despair, "the beginning of the coming universal wish not to live."

The failure of the human struggle against the blind, inevitable force of destiny—that is the theme of the later novels of Hardy. Whether such a reading of life is called pessimism or not depends on whether the reader's final impression is that of the uselessness of life so conditioned and fated, or of the gallant resistance of the characters, the deep pity of their creator, and the masterful art that gives us, as Mr. Abercrombie maintains, a sense of "command and power" that belies its own conclusions.

If Hardy's work had ended with *Jude the Obscure*, we might, while agreeing on the mood of his art, differ endlessly as to its ethical and philosophical implications. But in his last and, posterity may add, his greatest creation, *The Dynasts*, we have not indeed a "systematized philosophy", but an imaginative projection of a modern outlook. We are beginning to appreciate the art of this tremendous epic drama: the cosmic imaginative sweep of its panoramas, the dramatic power of its episodes, the vividness of its characterizations, the range and sweep of its poetry. But all this and more has been finely said elsewhere. It is the "modern outlook" of *The Dynasts* with which we are here concerned.

This modern outlook is expressed in those impersonated abstractions of the Overworld: The Spirit of the Years, interpreter of the cosmic spectacle; The Spirits of the Pities; The Spirits Ironic; and above them all, aloof, unconscious, "The Immanent Will," "the purposive, unnoticed, dominant thing" that

... works unconsciously, as heretofore,
Eternal artistries in Circumstance.

By this "unmaliced, unimpassioned, nescient Will", the whole action is visibly determined; every event from Trafalgar to

Waterloo is visualized as its convulsive workings; the host of actors is shown as its "puppetry".

This strange "First Energy", Hardy's projection of the *Ding-an-Sich* or Will of Schopenhauer, had been foreshadowed at the end of *Jude the Obscure* in Sue's imaginings, "that the First Cause worked automatically like a somnambulist, and not reflectively like a sage". The same dim figure haunts some of Hardy's poems. *Nature's Questioning* is a comparatively early version:

Has some vast Imbecility
Mighty to build and blend,
But impotent to tend,
Formed us in jest, and left us now to hazardry?
Or come we of an Automaton
Unconscious of our pains?
Or are we live remains
Of Godhead dying downward, brain and eye now gone?
Or is it that same high plan betides,
As yet not understood
Of Evil stormed by Good,
We the forlorn hope over which Achievement strides?

Most poignant of these renderings is the prayer of *The Bedridden Peasant to an Unknowing God*:

Then, since thou mak'st not these things be
But these things dost not know,
I'll praise Thee, as were shown to me
The mercies Thou would'st show.

We have already spoken of the paradox of Hardy's thought. *The Dynasts* is the very essence of paradox: an unconscious Creator of conscious, helpless puppets. The Pities themselves, voicing the human mind's reaction against the idea of a mindless universe¹⁰ cry out

But O, the intolerable antilogy
Of making figments feel!

Critics have pointed out the dramatist's dilemma: the determinism expounded by the Spirits and visualized by the "Will-

¹⁰ An idea of which Mr. W. L. Courtney observes that "no one can believe it for more than a few minutes together—and then only in a severely logical mood".

Webs" nullifies the dramatic and ethical values of the action. Napoleon, proclaiming himself a puppet, disclaiming his acts and their consequences, is no tragic hero. His vision before Waterloo of the victims of his wars does not, like Richard III's vision before Bosworth Field, fill us with pity and terror. We can only echo his own cry;

Why hold me my own master if I be
Ruled by the pitiless Planet of Destiny?

Again we must recall Hardy's warning that he offers no philosophy warranted to 'lift the burthen of the mystery'. With many another thinker of his age he faced the universe. Some among them found solutions, new gods for old: Spencer's "Unknowable"; Arnold's "Power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness;" the Positivist's "Humanity past, present, and to come". Hardy remains among those, agnostic to the end, who find no solution. His Immanent Will is not so much an answer as an embodied question: instead of resolving the paradox, lightening the mystery, he puts paradox and mystery at the heart of things. How can it be, he reiterates, that beauty and goodness and love are doomed to fade and suffer and die? At times he erects the injustice of things into an unjust God on whom to vent his indignation. But, like the dying peasant of his poem, he absolves God of cruelty by making him unaware of his work. The malign "President of the Immortals" of *Tess* was unendurable; the nescient Will of *The Dynasts* is only unintelligible. As Hardy himself says of Clym: "Human beings, in their generous endeavour to construct a hypothesis that shall not degrade a First Cause, have always hesitated to conceive a dominant power of lower moral quality than their own". Here is the secret of the nineteenth century's revolt against the God of its childhood: of James Mill's repudiation of a God who could doom his creatures to eternal torture; of John Stuart Mill's attempt to "save God's goodness at the expense of his power". And just as Hardy, having imaged a cruel Nature, pardons her in pity for her blindness, so he turns from the idea of a malignant deity to "an Immanent Doer that doth not know",

Which in some age unguessed of us
May lift its blinding Incubus
And see and own;
It grieves me I did thus and thus!

Such a hypothesis is not indeed a solution: it is not an escape from doubt, not a surrender to the longing for certainty. Hardy, affirming that the mystery of things is unanswerable, is one of the voices of an age of refusals. He stands as a thinker who did not flinch from the consequences of his thought, as an artist who did not fear to paint life as dark as he saw it.

But, as in the song of *The Darkling Thrush* there trembles "some blessed hope", so in the darkling world of Hardy there gleams now and again a ray of light. That Being may evolve consciousness, and so at last knowledge and pity—that is his faint, far-off hope. And the root of that hope lies in the very protest against injustice and wrong which makes the art of Thomas Hardy so true a voice of an age of widening pity and deepening understanding. The Pities, those incarnate sympathies of human nature, refuse to rest in the prospect of a Creator forever blind, a humanity forever groping. Through the darkness rings their chorus of hope:

Yet it may wake and understand
Ere Earth unshape, know all things, and
With knowledge use a painless hand.

And it is to them that Hardy gives the last words of his last great work:

But—a stirring thrills the air
Like to sounds of joyance there . . .
Consciousness the Will informing, till it fashion all things fair!

FRANCES WENTWORTH KNICKERBOCKER.

Sewanee, Tennessee.

THOSE SILENT ONES

(*Terza Rima*)

I would not weep for that Isold, the glowing,
By Tristan made "immortal by a kiss",
Whose waves of passion at the flood on-flowing

Break splintering into rainbow showers of bliss—
Life without ebb, forever at the crest—
Love-Death, what higher ecstasy than this!

Of all life's consummations it were best:
So knows that white Isold, who by the sea
Scans the horizon in a sad unrest,

With a dull ache foreboding wearily
There will be no return—his heart bereft,
He was but as a hollow shell. And she

Unnoted by his side. Now she is left
Tossed by her dreams, like wild birds' swirling flight;
And those soft, pliant hands, these fingers deft,

Cunning of old in fashioning broideries bright,
And made for touch of fluttering caress,
Are quiet now,—transparent, ghostly white,

Against her cheated, empty heart they press,
Wearied with their own futile uselessness.

.
And other silent ones, parched and athirst,
Not Helen or Andromache,—they drink deep
Of life's full cup: in joy and pain immersed—

But that Briseïs, on what pathways steep
Must her bruised feet ascend? We only know
That we have seen her lingering to weep,

And from Achilles' tent reluctant go,
Out of the light to darkness and despair;
She speaks not,—but those lagging steps how slow!

Or wan Creüsa, when the Trojans fare
Forth from their toppling towers, her lonely ghost
Forlorn and desolate in the chill night air,

Knows she can **never** join the hero host,
Seeking a second Troy across the sea,
Forever from her own Æneas lost

And from her child, foreseeing bitterly
Herself a pawn, moved by gods' reckless hands.
Never for her olive-crowned Italy

Or seven-hilled Rome and Tiber, in those lands
Where shout at last exultant Trojan bands.

When the twelve peers of noble Charlemagne,
Count Oliver the wise, Roland the bold,
By treachery at Roncesvalles are slain,

With all the chosen flower of knighthood old,
Peer of them all, young Roland, so they tell,
Bright youth incarnate, lying still and cold,

Turns homeward mist-dimmed eyes in mute farewell,
His dying thoughts for his beloved France,
There is no word at all for "Aude la Belle"—

Aude of the quiet ways, the downward glance,
Who waited for him all the dragging years—
Roland to her all glory, all romance—

Through the grey nights of never-ceasing tears;
And yet for her no faltering word at last!
Farewell, at once her hopes with all her fears,

Life ends choked at the source. How strangely cast
These silent ones that flit across the stage,
Dim, pallid wraiths, evoked from shadowy past,

Starved, inarticulate souls of every age,
Lost, in life's hurly-burly pilgrimage!

CHARLOTTE FARRINGTON BABCOCK.

CARLYLE AS A PORTRAIT PAINTER

Carlyle's mind was crowded with people. They moved and spoke for him, slouched in chairs, stretched like tongs before the fire, nodded their wigs, took snuff, or even, as in Wordsworth's case, gnawed raisins at dinner behind a circular green shade. Coleridge intoned "om-m-m-ject" and "sum-m-ject"; the Duke of Montenero had a "complexion rhubarb, . . . face consisting much of nose"; and Anne Iwanowna's cheek approximated a Westphalia ham in shape, size, and color. These people lived in him; their personalities were always associated with the way they looked. Carlyle could not separate the rigid strength of Webster from an angry shut mouth. Leibnitz's "large patient nose" symbolized his submission to Friedrich II. And the shadows of gibbets and halters foretold Robespierre's destiny as they fell across his pale, sea-green features. People, always people. Ideas did not exist without people to hold them. Traits of character looked out of a man's eyes, sounded in his laughter, and suffered caricature in his speech.—Insight made articulate by a surprising technic that presented an idea in three dimensions!

Carlyle's portraits dramatized his belief that great men make great times; and a reader familiar with that hypothesis can see the pictures as an artistic device which clarified this conception of history. Although this relation explains the real purpose of the descriptions, most of them are so extraordinary that they deserve to be studied for their own sake. Their place in the larger scheme is clear enough to anyone who knows what that scheme is. Carlyle as a "portrait painter" is really Carlyle objectifying in people the things he knew. Living individuals become symbolic motifs for all his thinking and writing. He saw the color of the lives men lived about him "from soberest drab to high-flaming scarlet". He deciphered a man from his laughter alone. He translated each glint of light and streak of shade, a chisel-like beard, the pallor of a man's face or the rasp of his voice.

The portraits do not depend on arrangements suggested in various composition books, although most of the sketches follow one or another of the patterns given. More important is the actual material of which the pictures are made. Their strength lies in full-rounded details. If several as good as the juryman's head which looked like "a great ball of putty dropped from a height" or Montenero's "face consisting much of nose" make up a description, they will survive even the worst arrangement. Their strength is a native quality independent of the context. In the details, then, lies one reason for the effectiveness of each portrait taken as a whole.

Any writer who sketches a man must notice his head and features, the clothes he wears, his voice, conversation, and movements. Carlyle saw all these things distinctly and combined them as vivid units which did not blur. His portrait of Coleridge shows the variety of facts he observed about the man. Each fact comes as a picture and follows the one before so quickly that its intrinsic definiteness sharpens the whole outline. In a drawing of C. A. Leslie's, Coleridge appears to be the much-bundled figure of a man whose short neck and pendulous jaw pressed creases into his neckcloth. In this picture the face is almost circular. Gray hair spills down over the ears into sideburns. The mouth is half-opened as if he were about to speak. Carlyle says:

The good man, he was now getting old, towards sixty perhaps; and gave you the idea of a life that had been full of sufferings; a life heavy-laden, half vanquished, still swimming in seas of physical and manifold other bewilderment. Brow and head were round and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute; expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent, and stooping attitude; in walking he rather shuffled than decisively stept; and a lady once remarked, he could never fix which side of the garden walk would suit him best, but kept trying both. A heavy-laden, high-aspiring man. His voice, naturally soft and good, had contracted into a plaintive snuffling and singsong; he spoke as if preaching,—you would have said preach-

ing earnestly and also hopelessly the weightiest of things. I still recall his "object" and "subject", terms of continual recurrence in the Kantian province; and how he sang and snuffled them into "om-m-m-ject" and "sum-m-ject", with a solemn shake or quiver as he rolled along. No talk, in this century or in any other, could be more surprising.

Now this portrait, like most of the others, depends upon details grouped around several things; the shape and size of the head, the way he appeared to "hang on his limbs", his voice, and a characteristic gesture, which in this case happens to be caromming down a garden path. This undulation and the strangeness of his voice receive the most emphasis. They were the most significant things about him. With Webster, however, Carlyle concentrated on the face, on the eyes and mouth. The portrait begins with a series of muffled explosions:

A grim, tall, broad-bottomed, yellow-skinned man, with brows like precipitous cliffs, and huge black dull wearied unwearable-looking eyes under them; amorphous, projecting nose; and the angriest shut mouth I have ever anywhere seen;—a droop on the sides of the upper lip is quite mastiff-like, magnificent to look upon, it is so quiet withal. I guess I should like ill to be that man's nigger!

Many of the sketches crystalize with fewer details. Even so, Carlyle always gave at least one or two of the individual's features. This device shortened the portraits, but their success lay in the concrete phrasing.

Although the pictures of Coleridge and Webster are effective mainly through the weight of accumulated details, separated, their value is far greater, because each detail and its incidental comment reveals a new glimpse of the character. The finished picture is not flat-fronted, nor is it minutely drawn in perspective. It is in perspective, but rather that given by the quick, rough lines of an *esquisse*. Take, for example, this of Gundling, a clownish court scholar under Friedrich II:

Above all things, His Majesty dressed him, as the pink of fortunate ambitious courtiers. Superfine scarlet coat, embroidery without end: "straw-colored breeches; red silk

stockings", with probably blue clocks in them, "and shoes with red heels"; and on his head sat an immense cloud-periwig of white goat's-hair (the man now growing towards fifty); and in the hat a red feather:—in this guise he walked the streets, the gold Key of Kammerherr conspicuously hanging at his coatbreast; and he looked proudly down on the world when sober.

In spite of the list of clothes and the short comments, the picture does not degenerate into a catalogue, for each bit is a swift stroke that contributes to the final effect: "and he looked proudly down on the world when sober". The portrait of Jeffrey may be a little slower, but it gives that sense of perspective, of tri-dimensionality, of depth and roundness. The details come in groups, each group a clear picture in itself: his figure, face, and hair; his voice and his laugh.

But I honestly admire him in a loose way, as my neighbors were doing, was always glad to notice him when I strolled into the courts, and eagerly enough stepped up to hear him if I found him pleading; a delicate, attractive, dainty little figure, as he merely walked about, much more if he were speaking; uncommonly bright black eyes, instinct with vivacity, intelligence, and kindly fire; rounding brow, delicate oval face full of rapid expression, figure light, nimble, pretty though small, perhaps hardly five feet in height. He had his gown, almost never any wig, wore his black hair rather closely cropt; I have seen the back part of it jerk suddenly out in some of the rapid expressions of his face, and knew even if behind him that his brow was then puckered, and his eyes looked archly, half contemptuously out, in conformity to some conclusive little cut his tongue was giving. His voice, clear, harmonious, sonorous, had something of the metallic in it, something almost plan-gent; never rose into alt, into any shrillness, nor carried much the character of humor, though a fine feeling of the ludicrous always dwelt in him. . . . For the rest his laugh was small and by no means Homeric; he never laughed aloud (could not do it, I should think) and indeed oftener sniggered slightly than laughed in any way.

The pictures of Coleridge, Webster, and Gundling, as well as that of Jeffrey, all show the same thing. Significant details give

a complete picture from three or four different angles. A photograph must, of necessity, be looked at with "one eye", so to speak, because it is a flat picture. But if two photographs of the same object, taken from slightly different points of view, are placed side by side and examined through proper lenses, the result is the three-dimensional space of the stereoscope. The observer then looks at the picture with "both eyes". This is the effect of Carlyle's additional effort, an effort no more purposeless than that of the manufacturer of stereoscopes who pastes two similar pictures on a card. Separately, Carlyle's details are clear; viewed together, they are a revelation, for they come in such rapid succession that they appear almost simultaneously. Carlyle's ability to find plenty of startling details speaks well for his powers of observation. But when these flashes, grouped, given a portrait with such reality that the subject seems about to speak or repeat a familiar gesture, mere observation seems to be a tool well subordinated to a broad and very significant artistic purpose.

Of course all this deals with the way men looked on the outside. But Carlyle sketched a physical picture only so that he might reveal the character which the body symbolized. He placed no faith in phrenology, because he studied men as thoroughly as any novelist and knew they could not be got at so readily as the phrenologists promised. Yet when he observed physical variations that always corresponded with the same spiritual quality, he related the two in giving the portraits. The sketch of his father, James Carlyle, shows how he brought the two extremes together:

It was a noble head; very large, the upper part of it strikingly like that of the poet Goethe: the mouth again bearing marks of unrefinement, shut indeed and significant, yet loosely compressed (as I have seen in the firmest of men if used to hard manual labor) betokening depth, passionate-ness, force; all in an element not of languor, yet of toil and perennial endurance. A face full of meaning and earnestness, a man of strength and a man of toil. . . . He was short of stature, yet shorter than usual only in the limbs; of great muscular strength, far more than his strong-built frame gave promise of.

He remarks the nobility of the head, and, by comparing it with Goethe's, suggests greatness. The mouth becomes important, and the clause in parentheses hints at the method by which he discovered meaning in all men's features. In *Friedrich II* Carlyle writes that Cimburgis, one of the Hanoverian woman, "had something of the Maultasche in her, in character as well as mouth." And Margaret Pouch-Mouth, also cursed by the Austrian lip, "pursed her big coarse lips together . . . and her big coarse soul." Deductions like these are common; they cannot be ignored in any of the portraits, because they give them meaning. Carlyle magnified details to giant size, so that they seemed close by. Because a reader knows exactly what the characters looked like, he can work out an interpretation even when it is not explicitly stated. Poor Anne Iwanowna, the Ugly Duchess, had a huge cheek "in size and somewhat in expression like a Westphalia ham!" How tempting in body or soul could such a woman be? Westphälischer Schinken, hams smoked and cured to a leathery brown, usually eaten uncooked!

Carlyle's details have interest for their own sake and additional value as he interpreted them. Often, however, he broadened their meaning still further in synecdoche and epithet. Commoner figures, similes and metaphors, are more frequent. They usually state or imply a comparison which, plainly expressed, suggests an image of the feature Carlyle wished to describe. This "secondary concreteness" gives a sense impression, and associations come more quickly. Two of George I's mistresses, for example, provide a sharp contrast, so far as fatness and thinness are concerned. Carlyle exaggerated the fat Countess of Darlington into "a mere cataract of fluid tallow", while in his hands the other became George's lean, "Maypole of a Mistress". He saw Casimir's soft hat as a "loose disk of felt", and Heuschrecke was a "purse-mouthed, crane-necked individual". Yet when he complained to Jane Welsh about the "greasy pig of a clerk" in the post office, his metaphor subsided to the level of common speech. It is the figures of epithet and synecdoche which are most important, for his use of them is unique.

The epithet helped keep a picture alive in the mind of the reader. Carlyle described Robespierre:

Shall we say, that anxious, slight, ineffectual-looking man, under thirty, in spectacles; his eyes (were the glasses off) troubled, careful; with upturned face; snuffing dimly the uncertain future time; complexion of a multiplex atrabiliar color, the final shade of which may be the pale sea-green. The greenish-colored individual is an Advocate of Arms; his name is Maximilian Robespierre.

The color of the man's face washes the whole picture with green. Out of all the details Carlyle picked this as the best. Later, he says, "The most terrified man in Paris is . . . seagreen Robespierre. Double paleness with the shadows of gibbets and halters overcasts the seagreen features." This ominous picture also depends on the color of the man's face, and it comes seventeen pages after the first, more general one. Carlyle knows that he has fixed the picture in the reader's mind by this time, so that from then on he limits himself to "seagreen Robespierre". The legend occurs frequently at first while he establishes a union between the two words. Then he begins to omit the epithet, finally leaving it out altogether, once the name alone is enough to recall the picture. So it goes up to the time of the trial, when Carlyle renews the old association: "The lamentablest seagreen Chimera that walks the earth that July." With its force heightened by the frantic excitement of the action, "seagreen Chimera" revives the first glimpse of Robespierre as a lean, nervous young lawyer. Carlyle does not surpass this adroit handling of a single detail, and probably no other writer ever did this one thing better. In the beginning it helped him to gain a picture. Then that picture followed in an epithet along with the character. Afraid that repetition might ruin the force of the word, he discontinued it when he knew the name alone would inevitably suggest the whole image. Finally, with the intricate connotation Carlyle had given it, "seagreen" became a symbol of all Robespierre personified in the Revolution.

Carlyle's interest in certain features, hair in particular, explains the form that many synecdochical allusions took. Westminster Hall shuddered to its "driest parchment". "Dead wigs" paid a doubtful compliment to the Members of Parliament. And when Friedrich discharged one of his courtiers who insisted on wearing a great cone of black horse hair, Carlyle writes that Friedrich "dismissed the Big Peruke". He does not, however, use either this device or the epithet very often. Many figures as complicated as that of "seagreen Robespierre" would be too difficult to handle. One or two are enough. If he had repeatedly substituted a single detail for individuals or institutions, he might have become a maker of "wire-drawn ingenuities" such as Jane Welsh ascribed to De Quincey.

Carlyle's writing does not seem to be a self-conscious art; his phrases tumble in a persistent helter-skelter. This touches the portraits, of course, because they occur so often and describe such a variety of people that nearly all the effects in any of the writing present themselves sooner or later. Analysis cannot unnerve the strength of the style; the terrific energy of the phrases will not be reasoned away. One general result is a kind of breathlessness which does not become obvious until passages are read aloud. In the portraits that quality makes the details stand out in clear light. The reader's eye does not shift smoothly from one feature to the next. Every line is sharp. The sequence builds on ideas, not on words. Because of this, Carlyle could not do pastels. Whenever he tried it, as he did in some of the portraits of women, he smudged. He worked with ink on intensely white paper. He sketched boldly and with rapid movements: "A nose, blunt and pock-marked like an ant hill, a crescent jaw tapering to the ears, forehead narrow, bumpy with wrinkles," he might say. "I scratch a few lines over the rest of the head to show frowsy hair bending into a ridge where it rubs the coat collar. I have drawn only half a dozen lines, but the picture is complete." Anyone watching him pauses until the sketch is done, and then wonders how so few, so very few, lines can give the picture. Carlyle's writing is of light and shade; the hurried strokes give more than a physi-

cal picture; they give variations in an idea. They are staccato, restless, sometimes building up to a heavy, almost explosive emphasis at the end in the form of a conclusive detail; strong, truncated expression sharpening the natural outline of the idea. All these qualities appear in a portrait of Seckendorf:

Bodily,—and the spirit corresponds, a stiff-backed, petrified, stony, inscrutable-looking, and the most unbeautiful old Intriguer. Portraits of him, which are frequent, tell all one story. The brows pucker together, in a wide web of wrinkles from each temple, as if it meant to hide the bad pair of eyes, which look suspicion, inquiry, apprehension, habit of double-distilled mendacity; the intermediate projecting chin, with its thick, chapped under-lip is shaken out or shoved out, in mill-hopper fashion, as if to swallow anything there may be, spoken thing or other, and grind it to profitable meal for itself.

What has Carlyle given? A general view of the man; the brows, wrinkles in the forehead; the eyes, chin, and under-lip. Half a dozen details with little attempt at blending one with the next! They follow disjointedly. That is because of his sentence rhythm: short, stumpy phrases. The features fit together loosely. But when the reader steps back from the picture, the elements blend perfectly. Carlyle did not paint miniatures; his figures are over-size, easily seen far away, jagged and rough close at hand. Under a microscope the portraits become dissociated details, just as any fragment of his writing looks to be a series of isolated phrases. When Sargent painted the buckle on a lady's shoe, the line he made was a crazy twist of gray paint. Yet when seen only a few paces away, the image is faultless. Carlyle's method was the same: at short range, Seckendorf's lip sticks out like a mill-hopper; at a slight distance the observer sees the picture as a whole, and each feature appears as it really was. His sentences do not have the glazed perfection of Pater's; he modeled them roughly, but his fundamental idea was so close to him that he could not help expressing it. A mortarless helter-skelter of granite blocks, perhaps, but he heaped enough of them to make a mountain—each stone a replica of the whole.

Obviously, such a style could not best describe Victorian ladies, or ladies of any time, when used by Carlyle who admired the graceful, charming, pleasant, useless sort. This does not mean that he could not appraise women at all; but judging from his sketches and from other scattered bits of evidence, he plainly liked women best as women rather than as individuals. Whenever he came across a female character not in the least attractive to him, he wrote with his usual boldness, even to the extent of comparing her cheek to a Westphalia ham. With such a woman he felt quite at ease, for he could portray her as freely as he did a Gundling or a Robespierre. It was the pleasant, beautiful, graceful woman that bothered him. What may have been a natural shyness carried over into his writing. He felt that such ladies should be treated gently and with sparkling words. But however mild his soul, he had no "sparkling words". He enjoyed the colors of their hair, cheeks, and lips, but his color vocabulary was limited. He sketched in blacks and whites and grays. His skill lay in portraying outlines, contours. Pretty nuances missed him entirely. He may have known they existed, but he could not understand them. Ugly women held no terrors for him, but he hesitated to turn the brusqueness of his language onto an intricately twisted mass of amber curls. With a single whiff of ridicule he could have sent all the irresponsible female caprices spinning. He saw the ridiculous in the battalion of troubadours which besieged Jane Welsh without admitting the whimsical absurdity of her own actions. If he had been surrounded by women all his life, he might have liked it, but he never would have known what to do about it.

Although Carlyle left few sketches of women, he made no attempt to avoid such pictures; he merely had little occasion for them. It is just as well. This of Kitty Kirkpatrick is typical:

Then, during or before his stay with us, a dash of brave carriage driving up, and the entry of a strangely-complexioned young lady with dark brown eyes, and floods of bronze-red hair, really a pretty-looking, smiling, and amiable, though most foreign bit of magnificence and kindly splendor whom they welcomed by the name of "dear Kitty".

The only detail carrying a picture is "floods of bronze-red hair"; the rest is a gay indistinctness. Kitty was undoubtedly a charming young lady, and her charm placed her beyond Carlyle's jurisdiction. The portrait of Jane Welsh, whom Carlyle should have been best qualified to sketch, shows the same fault. He gives a greater number of details, but they are not very convincing, largely because they cannot readily be interpreted. Carlyle may be pardoned for idealizing his wife, but when he did so, the picture lost reality. He says:

As a child she was remarkable for her large black eyes with their long curved lashes. As a girl she was extremely pretty—a delicate complexion of creamy white with a pale rose tint in the cheeks, lovely eyes full of fire and softness, with a great deal of meaning. Her head was finely formed, with a noble arch and a broad forehead. Her other features were not regular; but they did not prevent her conveying all the impression of being beautiful. Her voice was clear, and full of subtle intonations and capable of a great variety of expression. She had it under full control. She danced with much grace; and she was a good musician . . . she had a great quantity of fine silky black hair and she always had a natural taste for dress.

All this endows Jane Welsh with about as much individuality as an Elizabethan sonnet-writer would grant his mistress. He was handicapped by the attraction she held for him. If she had had a couple of "projecting upper teeth" and "no developed intelligence of the articulate kind", Carlyle might not have married her, but he would have sketched a better picture.

When these descriptions are compared with the rest of the portraits, they seem to imply that Carlyle was afraid of women. More likely, though, the Victorian attitude toward them dominated him; if attractive, they were fragile goddesses, something less than man. The plain or ugly ones were hardly regarded as women: he spoke of them as individuals. Consequently, Carlyle's only distinct failures in portraiture occurred when he tried to describe attractive or beautiful women. An extreme case is his account of a "surprise party" August der Starke of Poland held for Friedrich I, a man whose moral rigidity led him to com-

mit frequent absurdities. August conducted Friedrich to a chamber where he displayed the most seductive of his mistresses on a bed "in", as Carlyle writes, "a loose gauzy undress; and though masked, she showed so many charms to the eye that the imagination could not but judge very favorably of the rest." Then Carlyle hurries on to tell how Friedrich turned abruptly and left the room. Here he varies his general custom. He usually gleaned enough from quotations to piece out his own picture. But he must not have felt equal to this task, for he relied on a passage from Wilhelmina's journal which supplied the facts of the incident. The picture Wilhelmina gives is adequate, more so than Carlyle's. Coming together as they do, they explain some of the timidity which handicapped the author when he tried to write of such a thing as this. Wilhelmina says:

It was a girl in the condition of her First Parents, carelessly lying on a bed. The picture was more beautiful than they paint Venus and the Graces; she presented to view a form of ivory whiter than snow, and more gracefully shaped than the Venus d'Medici at Florence. The cabinet which contained this treasure was lighted by so many wax candles that the brilliancy dazzled you and gave a new splendor to the beauties of the goddess.

Separated from the other female portraits this comparison is unimportant. Its value lies in the extremity which shows more strikingly an inhibition veiled in the other pictures. Apart from this instance, the others might indicate either that Carlyle did not squander his energy on them because he did not believe the subjects to be important; or that he simply did not understand such women. Each of these explanations has some truth in it, but the probability is that he was constitutionally incapable of being impersonal towards any one of these gaily decorated creatures. That is, a touch of the ugly or grotesque in a woman put him on terms familiar enough to do a portrait of her. He could see the consistency in the character of Jeffrey, Coleridge, or Webster, but not in that of "dear Kitty" or Jane Welsh. He could love Jeannie without understanding her even so well as he did the "great thick-

sided, laughing-faced, red-haired woman" who was their "groom" for a while at Craigenputtock.

A further study of Carlyle's style, especially in the portraits, shows an interesting relation between it and the shift in methods in painting. Of course he studied portraits a great deal, usually working with pictures of his characters propped before him on his desk. In describing the written sketches, it has often been easiest to point out a similarity between his technic and that of the painters. His purpose was the same, and, in his own medium, he developed an individual tone. It is hardly safe to agree with Emerson that this tone is peculiarly English. Actually, he was influenced more by the French and Germans. But even though much of Carlyle's interest in portraiture came from a study of old continental and English pictures, he worked out that interest in a manner distinctly new. His sense of the value of understanding men's outward appearance came from his study of the past. His expression, though, was not of the past or of his own age; it belonged to a movement just beginning at the time of his death.

Carlyle had undoubtedly stood long hours in English galleries looking at the work of eighteenth and nineteenth century masters. He must have walked past miles of pictures in French and German museums hunting for a few portraits that he had nosed out of a catalogue. He got facts from these pictures, facts and appreciation of what portrait painters can do. But he did not share the idealization or photographic technic common to many of them. The artists whose theories he came closest to have since been called "post-impressionists", the leaders of whom are Van Gogh, Gauguin, Matisse, and Cézanne.

A comparison between Carlyle and these painters cannot be followed too minutely, else it will become lost in its own intricacies. Atmospherically, though, Carlyle belongs with them. That is, he often handles details with the starkness of Van Gogh in *The Prison Yard*. And if his method were applied to apples, as Cézanne's once was, his apples, too, might seem

about to roll off the table. Marriott's criticism of Cézanne in *Modern Movements in Painting* applies suggestively to Carlyle: "What Cézanne did was to restore the third dimension as a factor of design while avoiding it as a means of realistic illusion. He aimed at solidity not to the eye but to the mind." This quality in Cézanne's work repeatedly finds its counterpart in Carlyle. And strangely, too, because their ages are so widely separated and the medium of their expression so different.

Carlyle's success probably depends on the rich abundance of details used in a single picture, each detail often being so significant as to give or to suggest an entire image of the character. The device was not wasteful, for Carlyle could always find more details just as good for his next sketch, and his full portrait of a man consists of a complete picture from three or four different angles. The stereoscopic depth and roundness of the portraits presented men with such reality that they appeared to move and speak. If Cézanne painted apples so well that they seemed ready to roll off the table, it was because he understood apples. And if Carlyle sketched so realistically that his subject seemed about to yawn or shrug its shoulders, it was not because of a surface technic; it grew out of long years of study and observation; it came forth the product of endless effort to comprehend people.—Chaucer, describing the pilgrims at the Tabard Inn knew what they looked like and what they meant to themselves. In the wind-blown youngsters of Sanger's Circus Margaret Kennedy saw different fires burning behind each pair of eyes. Carlyle, like these authors, could always discover in a man that inner necessity which made him inevitably distinct from anyone else.

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AMERICAN MAGAZINES TO-DAY

Changes constantly are taking place in the field of magazine publication. Burton Rascoe, formerly literary editor of *The Chicago Tribune*, and later of the *New York Herald-Tribune*, recently became editor of *The Bookman* magazine, as George H. Doran Company sold the magazine to a new organization known as the Bookman Company. Only a little while ago Arthur W. Page retired from the active editorship of *The World's Work*, and was succeeded by Carl C. Dickey, managing editor of the magazine, who prior to his connection with the periodical had been on *The New York Times*, and had lectured at the Columbia University School of Journalism. *The North American Review* has changed hands and has been turned into a monthly. Hardly a month passes that does not witness the birth or death of some one or several magazines.

When one considers the millions of copies of magazines that are circulated weekly and monthly, and their inevitable influence upon the opinions and lives of so many people, he must wonder why so little has been written about magazines. A book that comes no nearer to the present than 1900, by Professor Algeron Tassin, and a few inadequate essays are about all that has been written on the subject.

Newsstands throughout this land are weighed down beneath the burden of magazines, which within their gaily colored covers contain articles and stories on every conceivable subject, and which go into homes as different as are the appeals of the various periodicals. In view of the hundreds of magazines that are published, many of them good, most of them prosperous (else they could not exist), one wonders, even doubts, whether readers of these periodicals know everything definite about the subject of magazines. Do they have any real reason for reading the magazines of their choice, or do they continue to buy them because of some vague notion that they contain the kind of stories they like? This subject should be one of interest to intelligent persons who would be informed better regarding the

present state of affairs in the American republic of letters, and of journalism.

This article purports to be a brief survey of leading American magazines, giving such information as seems to be significant.

Ellery Sedgwick, distinguished editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, has ventured the opinion that the editorial influence of the future will be vested in the magazine rather than in the newspaper; for the magazine has more time for preparation; more space to devote to theories and expositions, and a much longer period of service than a newspaper which is read hastily one moment and used for fire-making the next. A magazine, thinks Mr. Sedgwick, should follow a distinct, non-political policy, in contrast to newspapers, which are generally more or less political organs; it should be allied with one or more public interests; and should combine instruction and entertainment, and should combine them so ingeniously that to the uninitiated the instruction would appear to be no more than entertainment.

This conception of the magazine in the field of journalism, striking because of its own implication of future conditions, and having weight because of its authorship, is the more to be reckoned with when it is remembered that magazines as we know them to-day are of comparatively recent birth. Whereas the first newspaper, the *Boston News-Letter*, appeared as early as 1704, and even before this were the broadsides—forerunners of the newspapers—as early as 1684, the magazine did not get on its feet in this country until the middle of the nineteenth century. History records an effort to publish magazines in America as early as 1741, when Benjamin Franklin and Andrew Bradford both brought out periodicals. Neither lasted for more than a few issues, however, due possibly to the public's reaction to a cut-throat controversy between Bradford and Franklin precipitated by an argument as to who originated the idea of the magazine, and who was the thief.

The oldest magazine in America to-day, from the standpoint of continuous existence under its original name, is *The North American Review*, begun in 1815, one hundred and eleven years after the first newspaper; though *The Saturday Evening Post*,

with 1728 on its cover as the date of its founding by Benjamin Franklin, is commonly so acclaimed. *The Post* is actually an outgrowth of Franklin's newspaper, the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, established in that year. Prefaced by a hundred years which had seen many magazines started, only to die youthfully, magazine publishing began in earnest in this country in 1850, when *Harper's Magazine* was established. This was followed by *The Atlantic Monthly* in 1857, and *Scribner's* later changed to *The Century*, and not to be confused with the present *Scribner's*, in 1870. This trio took up the banner of the senile literary magazines, putting renewed vigor and life into a class of periodicals edited for the intelligentsia; just as Edward W. Bok in 1889 with *The Ladies' Home Journal*, begun in 1883, gave the American home a substitute, and a much better substitute, for *Godey's Lady's Book*, copies of which still grace the garrets of many American homes.

Unacquainted with the history of the magazine, one might imagine that it has had a long and illustrious line of ancestry, because to-day the number of publications that come under this head is multitudinous. Yet the chronicle of the magazine in its present form, and as a type of periodical filling a particular sphere, with exception of only a few magazines, including those just mentioned, would extend back over a period hardly more than seventy-five years. By far the larger number of magazines existing to-day was founded since 1875. Obviously, the reason for this latter-day development of what is now preëminently an American institution lies in the marvelous development of printing and engraving processes. Printing can now be done so cheaply and so speedily that almost any group or sect seeking an avenue of publicity may easily set up in business, adding its rivulet to the ocean of opinion. And thus a new magazine is born. Our predecessors were handicapped by a lack of many inventions that are commonplaces to-day—a handicap that may have operated in the interest of their peace of mind.

The essential differences between magazines and newspapers were partially covered by Mr. Sedgwick when he pointed to magazines' greater space for disquisitions of various kinds, their

greater permanency, and the absence of pressure in their preparation. Beyond this, magazines tend to be definitely specialized. *The American Mercury* is edited with a different reading clientele in mind from that of *The Literary Digest*. Further, magazines are aimed at leisurely reading. Whereas newspapers are read hastily at the breakfast table, in the subway, or in the office, magazines are read after the rush of the day's business is over. Magazines are read under similar conditions and in much the same spirit that books are read. It is to be concluded, therefore, that the content of a magazine is the more likely to be thoroughly covered and perfectly understood than newspapers; and its chances of seriously affecting the viewpoints of readers are comparable to those of books. The form of the magazine is distinctive. Content and make-up follow definite models. A comparison of any magazine and any newspaper will illustrate this not unessential difference in the two types of American journalism.

II

Many efforts have been made to classify magazines, though none has been a perfect success due to the fact that any classification must of necessity be arbitrary. An early classification endeavored to put all periodicals in two groups: informative and entertaining magazines. This arrangement has its basis in the fact that when magazines first were beginning to make their appearance it was evident that some of the periodicals were published to educate the public, while others served only to entertain.

Periodicals of the eighteenth century were practically all of the informative type. Editors of this period felt it their mission to educate their readers. To popularize literature and education in states where few books were read and almost none published was their chief purpose. To these editors, disseminating information of improved ways of doing things among people who would never hear of them otherwise was the highest calling. Nor did the editors or contributors apparently have any desire to exploit themselves; anonymity was the rule of the day.

These early informative magazines were composed of a number of departments. New departments constantly were being added, and the editor of *The Massachusetts Magazine* was typical of most editors of that day in demanding that all new departments be popular. An issue of *The New England Magazine*, published in 1758, carried the following list of contents written in a pseudo-verse style, which gives an insight into the content of some of the earlier periodicals:

"Old-fashioned writings and select essays,
Queer Notions, Useful Hints, Extracts from plays;
Relations Wonderful and Psalm and Song,
Good Sense, Wit, Humour, Morals all *ding dong*;
Poems and Speeches, Politik and News,
What some Will Like and some refuse;
Births, Deaths, and Dreams and Apparitions, Too;
With Some Thing Suited to each different Geu [Gout?]
To Humor *Him*, and *Her*, and *Me*, and *You*."

In the preface to the initial volume of one of the earliest entertaining magazines, it was said that the purpose of the periodical was "to communicate essays of entertainment without sacrificing decency to wit, and to disseminate the works of science without sacrificing intrinsic utility to a critical consideration of style and composition"; and it "indulged in the pleasing and patriotic hope of advancing the best interests of society". No sooner, though, had the entertaining magazines begun to appear than many editors of the informative type of magazine begun to attack it, asking such questions as, "Prettily written, but to what end?" The entertaining type of periodical, which has evolved into the purely fictional magazine of to-day, had a strenuous struggle in the beginning, but judging by the number on the market to-day, it seems safe to assert that it has secured a firm hold. This change in taste, it seems, may be judiciously attributed to growth of the attendant variations in literary discrimination.

Any effort to classify magazines, just as does a study of magazine history, impresses one with the fact that even as in the beginning, the magazine to-day is over-exploited. This over-exploitation of periodical literature makes the task of plac-

ing magazines in their respective niches the more difficult, and precludes the possibility of ever treating adequately in the span of a single article all magazines as they take their places in our republic of letters. By means, though, of an arrangement whereby magazines are grouped under nine headings, it will be possible to present magazine personalities and their true relationships to each other in such a way as to give readers of this article a more definite notion of magazines than, perhaps, they now have. In each of these nine groups will be placed the outstanding and most meritorious periodicals in the field, and some of them will be touched upon subsequently. The classification, then, would be as follows:

1. Journals of Opinion: *Nation*, *New Republic*, *Independent*, *Outlook*, *Review of Reviews*, *World's Work*, *Literary Digest*, and *Survey-Graphic*.

2. Literary Magazines: *Harper's*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *American Mercury*, *Century*, *Scribner's*, *North American Review*, *Virginia Quarterly Review*, *Sewanee Review*, *Yale Review*, *Forum*, *Bookman*, *Dial*, *Vanity Fair*, and *Current History*.

3. Popular Magazines with Articles on Current Subjects: *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's Weekly*, *Liberty*, and Hearst's *International-Cosmopolitan*.

4. Women's Magazines: *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Delineator*, *Woman's Home Companion*, *Designer*, *Vogue*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Harper's Bazar*, and *Pictorial Review*.

5. Inspirational Magazines: *American*, and *Success*.

6. Children's Magazines: *Youth's Companion*, *St. Nicholas*, *American Boy*, *Little Folks*, and *Boys' Life*.

7. Purely Fictional, including the Confessional Magazines: *Argosy All-Story*, *Complete Novels*, *Complete Story*, *Ainslee's McClure's*, *Western Stories*, *Mystery Magazine*, *Triple-X Magazine*, *Droll Stories*, and *Breezy Stories*.

8. Humorous Magazines: *Life*, *Judge*, and *College Humor*.

9. Technical, Professional, and Religious Magazines, including House Organs: *American Journal of Medical Sciences*, *Editor*

and Publisher, *The Christian Herald*, *A. P. Service Bulletin*, *Country Gentleman*, and *National Geographic Magazine*.

III

A detail discussion of each magazine in these nine groups, or even further mention of all of them, is not within the scope of this article. But in order that an intelligent and a somewhat complete appreciation of American periodical literature may result from this effort, certain American magazines deserve brief discussions.

Of the Journals of Opinion, *The Nation* holds a unique position. ". . . It is read by its enemies," says H. L. Mencken, who continues, "They may damn it, they may have it barred from the libraries, they may even—as they did during the war—try to have it put down by the Post Office, but all the while they read it. . . . I'd rather be editor of *The Nation* than editor of all of them put together" (referring to certain American journals), "with every other newspaper and magazine in America, save perhaps four or five, thrown in. . . . Most of the papers I am doomed to read are idiotic when they are right. *The Nation* is intelligent and instructive even when it is wrong." Though somewhat radical in its editorial policy (depending, of course, on the reader's view-point), Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard's *Nation*, as was his grandfather's paper, the *Liberator*, is an important factor in American literature and journalism. Its influence on newspapers, particularly on the *Baltimore Sun*, as one of the latter's editors admits, is known within many editorial offices.

Equally as distinctive a Journal of Opinion as *The Nation*, though for different reasons, is *The Literary Digest*. It is strictly a non-partisan organ, the mouthpiece of no creed or party, attempting through its various departments to combine the latest opinions in politics and world happenings with the important currents in art, literature, science, and religion; with no editorial expressions upon these subjects, except as quoted from other newspapers, and periodicals. *The Digest* is unique in the magazine world, being an unprejudiced, unbiased organ of

opinion. Its polls on national questions have proved excellent indications of public opinion. It is the most completely departmentalized periodical in the country.

Just as many schools use *The Literary Digest* in history and current events courses, so is *The Review of Reviews* used. Though essentially an editorial interpretation of events of the preceding month, done mostly by Albert Shaw, classmate of Woodrow Wilson in graduate work at Johns Hopkins, this magazine has sections devoted to current events, leading articles of the month, cartoons, and books, which make it an adequate running history of the times.

Closely similar to *The Review of Reviews* is *The World's Work*, an analysis of which is furnished by the late Walter Hines Page, first editor of the periodical: "The group of men who direct the *World's Work* have a very definite aim. . . . So to report and so to interpret representative activities of our time as to give the reader a well-proportioned knowledge of what sort of things are happening in the world—in the American world in particular. . . . Movements are necessary and desirable to the free life of the United States; but the free life of the United States is a very complex thing, and no 'movement' carries all salvation with it. Good judgment calls for the reporting of all sorts of good work, but for very wary acceptance of all men's burning enthusiasms. . . . Common sense is the most useful quality that you can get into an editorial office."

As to the literary magazines, this statement by Harry Hanson, literary editor of the *New York World*, may be taken as an index to a new current which only within recent years has made itself felt by readers of this group: "Straws in the wind are the mounting circulations of two magazines—*Harper's* and the *American Mercury*."

Certainly, there can be no doubt that the publication in 1924 of a magazine so radically different from any yet aimed at the intelligentsia as the *American Mercury*, has made this magazine felt not only by readers but by other magazines, some of which, it seems, have been imitating it. *The Mercury*, of course, is but an extension and amplification of the personality of H. L.

Mencken, and as such can be described succinctly in the words which A. G. Gardiner, eminent British editor, used to characterize Dean Inge: "His insults have a flavor that makes you lap them up with gusto, and before you have time to be angry with him for his savage assaults on your pet enthusiasms, you have forgiven him for some swashing blow that he has struck at your pet aversion."

Since the change *Harper's Magazine* underwent in September, 1925, when it began to carry more articles and less fiction, this magazine, always one of the country's most distinguished periodicals, has appealed to intelligent and intellectual readers as a most adequate magazine publishing stories of literary distinction, and well-done, clever articles by authorities in the fields of politics, economy, history, biography, travel, science, arts, humor, etc. Further, *Harper's Magazine* lately has revealed a refreshing contempt for prejudices and outworn conventions. Little wonder, then, that for the past eighteen months its circulation has mounted constantly and at a rapid rate as the magazine has been read increasingly by people of taste, education, imagination, and humor. Throughout the seventy-six years of the magazine's existence, it has faithfully portrayed the ever-changing American panorama, and has done it in the spirit of accuracy and judicious criticism, with kindly humor when needed.

During its career, *The Century Magazine* has had some rather remarkable editors, who possessed the necessary editorial sense to keep the magazine alert and in tune with the time. Typical are the two ex-editors of the magazine, who have distinguished themselves in fields other than journalistic. Dr. Glenn Frank only recently accepted the presidency of the University of Wisconsin, and Dr. Robert Underwood Johnson has attained eminence in literature and diplomacy, as well as having been prominently affiliated with the copyright movement and with the Hall of Fame. Of *The Century Magazine*, H. L. Mencken, in a paper entitled, "The American Magazine", one of the few formal papers on the magazine ever written, says: "It not only threw all the old traditions overboard; it es-

established new traditions almost at once. For the first time a great magazine began to take notice of the daily life of the American people. It started off with a truly remarkable series of articles on the Civil War; it plunged into contemporary politics; it eagerly sought out and encouraged new writers; it began printing decent pictures instead of old chromos; it forced itself, by the sheer originality and enterprise of its editing, upon the public attention. American literature owes more to *The Century* than to any other magazine, and perhaps American thinking owes almost as much. It was the first 'literary' periodical to arrest and interest the really first-class men of the country."

The Forum Magazine will complete the quartette of literary magazines chosen for individual comment. Founded in 1886 by Isaac L. Rice, a versatile German-American, *The Forum* has become a "magazine of controversy", and after a period of eclipse, has within recent years burst afresh upon the reading public and has an intelligent following among those whose reading tastes lead them to the literary group. The penchant of the editors for presenting debates, or arguments, seems to account for the popularity of the magazine. Even intelligent people like a dog-fight in the world of letters. *The Forum* "aims to interpret the new America that is attaining consciousness in this decade", the editors say. "*The Forum* gives both sides. Whatever is attacked by contributors this month may be praised in later issues." Its recent series of "Why I am a—" articles, dealing with reasons for church preferences, represents a new turn in the confession type of writing, and one for the better.

Of the Popular Magazines Containing Articles on Current Subjects, because of its tremendous circulation and multiplicity of advertising pages, indicating a heterogeneous reading constituency of varied tastes, *The Saturday Evening Post* holds a position in the magazine world never before attained by a periodical in this or any other country. That the editors of this magazine have hit upon an editorial key-note that will satisfy equally the professional man and the stenographer is borne out by the story

told by Mr. Ivy L. Lee, New York publicity man for the Rockefeller interests, Pennsylvania railroad, Standard Oil Company, and other similar concerns. The story may be apocryphal. Mr. Lee relates that he asked Jesse L. Lasky, the movie producer, how he spent his idle time. Mr. Lasky is reported to have replied that he spent it reading *The Saturday Evening Post*, in order that he might keep informed on the kind of stories Americans like to read, so that he could produce similar ones on the screen. Mr. Lee said that he put the same question to George Horace Lorimer, and in reply the *Post* editor said he went to the movies during his idle time in order that he might see the kinds of pictures the American people attend by the millions so he could regulate his magazine's editorial content accordingly.

The Saturday Evening Post is the result of Cyrus H. K. Curtis's belief that there was a field, wide open and waiting, for the man who would put it to the hands of business men business articles which they would recognize as being written by men who knew the machinery of business affairs. In excess of a million dollars was spent before the *Post* was made a success, but to-day the periodical seems firmly established, being, certainly, one of the country's strongest magazine financial properties.

The most interesting thing about Hearst's *International-Cosmopolitan Magazine* is that this periodical is an outgrowth of Edward W. Bok's *Brooklyn Magazine*, which he published in 1882 when he was but nineteen. It was the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, under the editorship of John Brisben Walker, that first seriously endeavored to establish itself as a popular-priced periodical. This was at about the same time that McClure and Munsey were launching similar periodicals.

Most of the women's magazines, and there are many of them, have used, though they would not admit it, *The Ladies' Home Journal* as developed by Edward W. Bok as their model. But *The Ladies' Home Journal* always has been something more than a women's magazine; it is a magazine for the home, with articles of equal interest to male and female members of the family. As Mr. Bok said in retiring from the editorship of the periodical: "From its beginning it had been unlike any other

periodical; it had always retained its individuality as a magazine apart from others. It had to be something more than a mere assemblage of stories and articles. It had consistently stood for ideals; and, surely in one or two instances, it had carried through what it undertook to achieve. It had a record of worthy achievements; a more fruitful record than any imagined. It had become a national institution such as no other magazine had been. It was indisputably accepted by the public and by business interests alike as the recognized avenue of approach to the intelligent home of America."

Just as most women's magazines are an outgrowth of the idea back of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, so are the Inspirational Magazines an adaptation of the principle upon which was edited *The American Magazine*, which owes its tremendous popularity and success to one John M. Siddall, who lived and died very much as a character in one of his magazine articles or stories. "Victory", Mr Siddall once wrote, "is what *The American Magazine* is interested in. Victory for the individual over the odds that beset him. There are all kinds—sickness, lack of education, opportunity or money, environment, bad habits, absurd weaknesses, every sort of mental, physical, and spiritual barrier. . . . Money is one of the counters in the game, but only one. . . . The trouble with most men is that they are afraid of facts." The secret of *The American Magazine* was that John M. Siddall loved people and knew what interested them. Somehow through the white papers and the black inks of these pages, people felt the pressure of his hand, and the cheer of his voice, and responded.

It is unfortunate that such magazines as the Purely Fictional, including the Confessional Group, exist to be enumerated, because obviously their intrinsic merit is *nihil*. But by far the larger number of American periodicals, excluding professional and trade journals which concern themselves with particular vocations, are of this purely fictional kind. Their content is of the most worthless kind of stories, which can have no appeal except to those with the literary tastes of a moron. Some of these periodicals with their photographs of

nude women and salacious stories reach the very depths of depravity in writing.

IV

Such an article as this one would be incomplete without some account of the achievements of magazines, because magazine editors, like newspaper editors, have felt the urge of the crusader, and through their publications have rendered conspicuous public services.

The World's Work has consistently advocated the necessity of a budget for the Federal Government; has given encouragement to the Farmer's Coöperative Movement; has championed universal good roads and universal free education; has conducted campaigns against increase in the pension scandals; has successfully advocated a reform of the Diplomatic Service as evinced by the passage of the Roger's Bill; and has been steadily pushing editorial ambitions with reference to immigration, universal military training and other government problems.

Hearst's *International Magazine* before its merger with the *Cosmopolitan* carried a series of articles exposing Ku Klux Klan activities; the series exposing flagrant violations of the narcotic laws in this country; yet another series on doctors and drug mongers, running into a later group of articles on progress in the cure of great diseases; the series on prohibition in other countries, on Jews in our colleges, on the true situation in Europe; and the series exposing stock swindles.

Edward W. Bok, as the successful editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, deserves credit for bringing about the abolition of the old style unsanitary Pullman and parlor cars and in their place the substitution of the simpler and more modern car of to-day; for conducting a campaign which resulted in the elimination of unsightly advertising sign boards from places of great beauty; for his great service to the American mother in conducting a department which better prepared her for doing full justice to new young life; for conducting a campaign which resulted in leading magazines and newspapers refusing to carry advertising of a disreputable nature; for convincing parents of

the necessity of teaching their children something specific about sex; and for setting an example of the possibilities of suburban beauty with his own town, Merion, Pennsylvania. Regarding Mr. Bok's venture into American home architecture through *The Ladies' Home Journal*, a scheme since taken up by many other periodicals, Theodore Roosevelt said: "Bok is the only man I ever heard of who changed, for the better, the architecture of an entire nation, and he did it so quickly and yet so effectively that we didn't know it was begun before it was finished. That is a mighty big job for one man to have done."

The Saturday Evening Post has consistently advocated conservation of forests; has argued for restriction of immigration; has pleaded for lower and more scientific taxation; and has been the champion of the budget in Federal affairs.

Life magazine is largely responsible for initiating a movement which has brought about a sane and sober observance of the Fourth of July. It has opposed cruelty to animals; and the Life Fresh Air Farm for children is an important charitable organization rendering a distinct public service.

Collier's Weekly has an editorial programme which aims to promote better intelligence, better health, more productive labor, elimination of waste, enlistment of public service, and objection to war. It has not only carried articles about, but has endeavored to be of actual service to its readers in good schools, supporting the credit union, care of children's teeth, own-your-own-home, more active interest in the ballot, and improved moral standards.

The Outlook magazine has made itself felt through its attitude regarding the Spanish-American war; control of corporations; power of the executive; attitude toward the negro, including a support of the Booker T. Washington programme; opposition to "Cannon Methods" in the House; development of direct primaries; opposition to recall and attempts at legislation by referendum; opposition to liquor and the saloon; advocacy of peace, though not the "peace at any price"; religious freedom; hostility to the Louisiana lotteries; preservation of forests; and wiser immigration laws.

The Atlantic Monthly had for one of the corner-stones of its foundation, forthright speech. This magazine, like most of the others in the literary group, has stood for tolerance in religion.

V

By way of conclusion, it may be interesting to the reader to note that there are 7,958 periodicals in this country other than newspapers. Of this number 163 are general magazines, 35 are women's magazines, 856 are religious periodicals, 600 are agricultural, and 6,172 are technical. Of these technical magazines there are 201 devoted to education, 311 to labor, 119 to the legal profession, 105 to Sunday School, 101 to grocery stores and general merchandise, 119 to automobiles and auto accessories, 951 may be classed as collegiate, and 205 are devoted to the interests of Negroes.

There are 2,409 daily newspapers in this country, bringing the grand total to 10,367. With 7,958, though, periodical literature is far in the lead, and maybe already magazines are exerting as much, if not more, influence than the newspapers.

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BOOK REVIEWS

A NEW SHELLEY STUDY

SHELLEY: HIS LIFE AND WORK. By Walter Edwin Peck. Two volumes. Pp. xiii, 532; vii, 490 (including appendices and index). Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Although this new biography of Shelley, written by Professor Walter Edwin Peck, is so well documented that it must always remain a valuable work of reference for the special student, it is much more useful informatively than critically. Indeed, patient and even meticulous as its author has been in chronicling fact and circumstance, and sometimes also in the effort to relate fact to fact in a useful way, he has been strangely shy of essaying the purely critical task and, it must be admitted, often palely ineffective when he does essay it. The result is, on the whole, somewhat disappointing. The portrait of Shelley as drawn by Dr. Peck seems to lack not only lifelikeness, but even a self-consistent totality. It consists of an anxious assembling of a great variety of details rather than of an interpretative harmonizing of them. We have the diligently sketched-in picture of an earnest and amiable propagandist (which indeed Shelley was during his earlier years) as against the full likeness that we really want—that of the searching critic and subtle poet that the name Shelley stands for to-day.

The work contains twenty-five chapters in all, of which eleven are 'interchapters' devoted to discussions of "the sources and significance" of Shelley's more important productions. It is to these interchapters especially that one would look hopefully for first-hand criticism not merely of intention, but also of the degree and manner of the success achieved in realizing the intention. What the reader wishes to find is a sympathetic review of the method of the *artist* as against that of the mere artificer, whom the artist governs and directs for his own ends. Perhaps an example or two will make plain the quality of such portions of the work as do attempt something more than histori-

cal or textual criticism. In the treatment of *Prometheus Unbound* we are told that Shelley "felt, rather than reasoned his way toward the millennium; and his greatest poems, their strength and their weakness, spring from his absolute surrender to his emotions." (II, 137). Now while it is true that the democratic structure and the intellectual content of *Prometheus Unbound* are of less value than its emotional power, the pure lyric fervour of its utterance, yet it is by no means certain that Shelley's social philosophy, more particularly examined, is as inadequate as it sometimes appears. As Mary Shelley has said, "Shelley develops more particularly in the lyrics of this drama his abstruse and imaginative theories with regard to the creation." And she adds, touching "the mystic meanings scattered throughout the poem" that "they elude the ordinary reader by their abstraction and delicacy of distinction, but they are far from vague." Woodberry even asserts that "in this poem the Revolution as a moral idea reached its height."

Again, the efforts to analyze the poetic schemes of *To a Skylark* and of *Adonais* do not convince us that Dr. Peck has followed Goethe's advice to create in the footsteps of the creator. This is especially true of the treatment of *Adonais*, in which we are told (II, 220) that in stanzas XLIV-XLVI "Panthemism is discarded for the Christian doctrine of personal survival after death." Dr. Peck fails to see that these two *motifs* are so related in *Adonais* that there is not only no final conflict between the ideas of personality and impersonality, but a synthesis of the two in what may be called the idea of super-personality. Still again, Shelley rebukes and dismisses Keats's critic-murderer in stanzas XXXVI-XXXVIII, with burning indignation. Yet the biographer asserts (II, 221) that in stanzas XLVII-LI "the reviewer is asked to visit the Protestant Cemetery in Rome, and there pay homage to the poet he had wronged." Surely, this suggestion runs completely counter to the intention of the poet, who in these stanzas apostrophizes not the reviewer, but the mourners of *Adonais* and chiefly his own heart, as affected by the fact of death and the mystery of the future. Finally it is said (II, 227) that—

Adonais bears the impress of so many of the poems of 1821, of a deep, settled, and almost resolute despair. Only the mutuality of their neglect by the literary public of their day, and their sufferings at the hands of the reviews, can excuse the intrusion of so lengthy a sketch of himself in this poem. Even then, it is not wholly excusable, from the standpoint of art; though, the invective against the *Quarterly* aside, it affords us the only really "human interest" to be discovered in the piece, and is by so much a boon to the average reader to whom "Winged Persuasions and Veiled Destinies" are, to say the least, remote and unintelligible. For at least one of the causes for which Guinevere forsook Arthur, that he lived too much of the time "in the intense inane," readers of Shelley could sometimes wish that he had had more of Mother Earth in his nature. "The low sun loves the colour," said Guinevere.

This impresses us not only as unsound criticism, but as a strangely petulant misunderstanding of a poem which, in both its art and its insight, ranks with the greatest of our English elegies. It sounds the deeps of death for Keats, for Shelley, for all "the inheritors of unfulfilled renown". "I confess," wrote Shelley to his publisher Ollier, "I should be surprised if *that* poem were born to an immortality of oblivion."

The style also of this ample biography leaves much to be desired. Mr. J. C. Squire, writing in the *London Observer*, has called it "dull", "humdrum", "tedious", while the kindlier reviewer in the *Times Literary Supplement* speaks of the "straight-forwardness and economy" of both style and substance, but observes that "we do not rise" from these two volumes "with the transforming thrill of wonder and refreshed belief in the inestimable and invisible which Shelley's own expression of the life he knew compels in us." For ourselves, we cannot but feel that the style as a rule tends to weary and repel rather than to hold and inspire. Indeed, it is not only undistinguished, but too often really faulty. At times the author is inclined to lecture those students of Shelley who happen not to share some particular view of his own. At other times his style becomes unduly emotional. This latter habit results, no doubt, from his failure either to determine a stylistic norm for his work or to dis-

cipline his changing moods in the interest of critical or even merely informative continuity. There are not a few errors in syntax and in diction, such as the frequent misuse of 'transpire' and a marked tendency toward redundancy and toward ambiguity in the use of pronouns.

If we have been compelled to reach and to record an opinion less than favourable concerning the manner and the critical content of this elaborate work, we must nevertheless testify with satisfaction to the scholarly industry and undefeatable patience that have enabled Dr. Peck to push the narrative steadily through the many difficulties of the task to a considered conclusion. Already, on account of its scale and scope, its new material, and the excellence of some of its incidental portraits, it has become an indispensable work of reference in the social and historical study of the great poet with whom it deals.

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DROWSY SYRUPS

THE ROAD TO XANADU: A STUDY IN THE WAYS OF THE IMAGINATION.
By John Livingston Lowes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. Pp. 639.

"What then," asked a radical critic at the beginning of this century, "does the name of Coleridge finally represent for us in literature? Principally, we must say, a handful of poetry with a singular charm: *an abnormal product of an abnormal nature under abnormal conditions.*"

Some such conclusion and the many assertions in Coleridge's speculative prose concerning the "absoluteness" of the poetic process have intimidated investigators from the profane attempt to discover how two of the most bewitching poems in the English language—"Kubla Khan" and "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner"—came into being. In *The Road to Xanadu*, Dr. John Livingston Lowes of Harvard takes issue with Mr. J. M. Robertson's estimate cited above and demonstrates convincingly, on verifiable evidence, the transmutations of sources of both poems. "I have no desire to explain away the unexplainable," cautions

Dr. Lowes, "and behind the discoverable processes through which beauty is created, . . . is and always will be something inscrutable, which no analysis can reach—or harm." "I am attempting to do this only—to discover how, in two great poems, out of chaos the imagination frames a thing of beauty."

A fully documented volume, including appendices of scholarly importance, *The Road to Xanadu* is a monumental achievement of an eminent literary scholar. It presents to the general reader as well as to the specialist an intensely fascinating account of the workings of a fecund and subtle imagination. Divided into four sections of five or six chapters each, it discloses Coleridge's extraordinary synthetic powers in creating something new and strange out of the flotsam and jetsam of his scattered readings.

Dr. Lowes's immediate intention is thus stated: "To the making of both poems went the ceaseless vivid flow of the linked images. But in 'The Ancient Mariner' 'thinking' was imperially absent; in 'Kubla Khan' it had abdicated its control." The more considerate reader will see that Dr. Lowes has another and larger intention: for Coleridge serves as a representative poet: and his two poems as typical products of the imaginative process under the high excitement of creation. "The implications of the facts, I believe, have value far beyond that single poem." "For the road to Xanadu, as we have traced it," Dr. Lowes says, "is the road of the human spirit, and the imagination voyaging through chaos and reducing it to clarity and order is the symbol of all the quests which lend glory to our dust. And the goal of the shaping spirit which hovers in the poet's brain is the clarity and order of pure beauty. Nothing is alien to its transforming touch. . . . For the work of the creators is the mastery and transformation and reordering into shapes of beauty of the given universe within us and without us."

With a complete mastery of heterogeneous materials ranging over many subject-matters, Dr. Lowes has superbly shown how possible it is to retain a neat balance between assertion, proof, and illustration, presenting a sinuous and difficult theme in an expository style which is livid with St. Elmo's fire. His narra-

tive graphically illustrates Coleridge's "esemplastic" theory of poetic creation and provides a "philosophy of composition" which Coleridge himself might have written analogous to Poe's essay with that title. As a consequence, *The Road to Xanadu* has a high interest and value to the psychologist, to the philosopher, and to the student of literature: and even to those who are growing increasingly aware of some of the banal effects of Coleridge upon poetry since his day it summarizes succinctly the efficient cause for the present cul-de-sac.

The immense stimulus of Coleridge's music and magic upon poets of the nineteenth century and the failure of Victorian critical intelligence to expose the inadequacies of the poetic method Coleridge proposed (which "Kubla Khan" and "The Ancient Mariner" abundantly illustrate), make Dr. Lowes's book significant because it provides our own generation a point of departure in the high effort to restore to poetry that quality for whose absence Coleridge is largely responsible—intelligence; or the act of thinking, imperially present in the creation of a poem. The delectable mountains lie beyond the glittering pagodas of Xanadu. There abides Milton: between him and us are the lesser and contrasting figures of Alexander Pope and Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

WILLIAM S. KNICKERBOCKER.

MUTSCHMANN'S MILTON

MILTON'S EYESIGHT AND THE CHRONOLOGY OF HIS WORKS. By Heinrich Mutschmann. *Acta et Commentationes Universitatis Dorpatensis* (Esthonia), 1924.

THE SECRET OF JOHN MILTON. By Heinrich Mutschmann. Dorpat, 1925.

STUDIES CONCERNING THE ORIGIN OF "PARADISE LOST". By Heinrich Mutschmann. Dorpat, 1924.

The early papers of Dr. Heinrich Mutschmann, *Der Andere Milton* (Bonn und Leipzig) and *Milton und das Licht* (Halle a. S.), have made the name of the author a byword for the fantastic in literary criticism. Presenting a theory which seemed absurd, and supporting it with doubtful and insufficient evidence; going

to unjustifiable extremes, Dr. Mutschmann aroused intense hostility among scholars. Nevertheless, he has continued his studies in Milton, and has produced two new discussions of Milton and light which have received remarkably little consideration.

If such recent psychology as that of Adler be at fault, Dr. Mutschmann's whole thesis is so much waste paper. With recent theories of genius his argument stands or falls. The psychological basis of the argument of Dr. Mutschmann is, briefly: that artistic impulse originates in a neurosis which is caused by a failure of adaptability. The lack of harmony may be between the artist and the world about him, or between the various elements of his personality. Dr. Mutschmann seeks to show that in the case of Milton the discord was of both kinds. If the creation of artistic work is *not* an attempt to objectify the inner conflict, and to gain serenity through purging the artist of tormenting thoughts, then Dr. Mutschmann's argument is only a curiosity.

There are, however, a number of able psychologists who believe that creative impulse owes its origin to just such unrest and consequent neurotic disturbance. In view of this belief, it may be well to consider briefly how Dr. Mutschmann applies the theory to Milton.

He believes that Milton was a man quite at odds with the world about him: a man who was forced to keep aloof from the ordinary life of men; a man of necessity solitary and lonely. In his solitude, imposed by circumstance, Milton had to compensate himself for loss of social contact and human sympathy. Perforce alone, in an uncomprehending and careless world, he was driven by the sense of his own difference to strive for recognition. All his life he sought to make the world regard him as superior in his peculiarity; and when he could not do this by one method, he tried another.

Milton attempted to make the unhappiness of his life the source of power; he wanted to teach men and lead them. His first attempt was to take the world by storm with a great poem. Failing in this, he sought to make of himself the guiding star of English politics, the indispensable leader. Failing in this,

he returned to poetry, and his greatest poems built up in final form the fantasy which saved him from despair, and objectified the terrible conflicts of his own spirit.

In *Paradise Lost*, Milton the Stoic depicts the downfall of man through subservience to passion; in *Paradise Regained*, he shows man's ability to gain serenity of spirit though abnegation of the desires of this world. By refusing to desire, man may become superior to himself, a nobler creation than a mere human being. In *Samson Agonistes*, Milton objectifies the intense struggles of his own intellectual and emotional natures; he objectifies the hate for his conquerors, and the despair of his last days. Thus he brings to himself calm of mind.

It is in the peculiarity of Milton's treatment of desire and abnegation that a clue may be found to the psychological interpretation. Professing to despise all the delights of the flesh, professing to consider as of a higher order and nobler spirit the man who leaves such carnal matters as eating and drinking and loving and desiring power, Milton nevertheless betrays in his portrayal of just this eating and drinking and loving and ruling such intense emotional delight in the contemplation of them, that one must think that he desired them with all his heart, but was unable to enjoy them. And because he could not enjoy them, he endeavored to make the life of abstinence, necessary though it was, a sign of superiority. Milton, forced to be different from other men, held up this difference as the mark of nobility beyond that of his fellow-men. The conflict between his emotional desires and his intellectual fantasy is objectified in his poems.

What, then, was the infirmity that kept Milton from being a man like other men? What was the weakness that caused the conflict between senses and intellect? What kept Milton to himself? How is the specific trouble to be found? The answers must be sought in Milton's expressions of feeling; for he would naturally write with great emotional power about that which was related to his unlikeness to other men. In those passages which show Milton's greatest emotional disturbance lies the secret of his peculiarity.

Dr. Mutschmann has made a very elaborate study of the poetry and prose of Milton in the endeavor to discover just this betrayal of Milton's secret. In *The Secret of John Milton*, he shows that Milton exhibits his greatest emotion in reference to light and shade, especially in those works written before blindness. In his love of darkness and twilight; in his conception of strong light, such as that of the sun, as symbolical of infinite power; in his manifestation of very great emotion whenever light and shade are written about, Milton gives up his secret. He was photophobic, heliophobic, nyctalopian. To him light was the sign of might and majesty beyond human endurance; shade and darkness were lovely and consoling.

It is objected that other poets have shown the same preference for the dark. But Dr. Mutschmann's idea is, that this does not alter the matter, from the psychological point of view; for, whatever may have been the reasons for love of darkness in other poets, in Milton this reaction to light and darkness is so obviously accompanied with consistent emotional display, that there can be no question of his merely following a literary tradition. No man could simply follow custom and betray such powerful feeling.

Likewise, as Dr. Mutschmann shows in *Milton's Eyesight and the Chronology of His Works*, in Milton's prose works written before blindness there is a very strong 'light-shade complex'. When Milton wants to express an emotional reaction, he very often, in the earlier works, draws on the light-shade figure. But in the works written after his blindness, this complex appears much less often. In the earlier works, written before blindness, the average number of appearance of the light-shade complex per 1000 lines is 23.6; in those written after blindness, the average number is 6.7.

It is remarkable, on the face of it, that Milton's blindness removed from him the emotional reaction to the reference of light, whereas in most men it might well have increased it. *Paradise Lost* shows, of course, great emotional display in certain passages where light is mentioned; but it is part of Dr. Mutschmann's argument that many of these passages are

reworked from earlier drafts of epic poems. The question of origins and times of composition of such passages is dealt with very reasonably in the *Studies Concerning the Origin of 'Paradise Lost'*.

What sort of trouble, then, caused Milton to show great emotion towards light before he was blind, and less afterwards? Dr. Mutschmann's answer to that very question has made him unpopular among scholars. He insists that Milton was an albino.

This notion has been scoffed at as silly, and not worth discussing; some have said that even were it true, it would not matter. But if the psychology underlying the theory of artistic creation be sound, and the interpretation of Milton's peculiarities be in any way reasonable, any attempt at explanation is allowable, and should be heard. However, Dr. Mutschmann has had a hard time in establishing this point; and even after the appearance of the *Secret*, it can hardly be accepted without further evidence.

In the first place, although Dr. Mutschmann has with great labor investigated the phenomena of albinism, and has shown that the very peculiarities of Milton are those of the albino, he has, in one or two instances, shown too much. He includes in his lists showing characteristics of albinism such doubtful passages as those referring to the baleful eyes of Satan, and his face which deep scars of thunder had intrenched. Likewise, in *Milton's Eyesight*, he has included in his lists of examples of the light-shade complex, vague possibilities of the albinotic *facies*: for example, 'And all his familiar friends watched for his halting'; 'If she lift up her drooping head'; 'With a clear and hearty countenance' (!). That is going a good deal too far, and assuming that more is proved than really is proved. Dr. Mutschmann shows a tendency, lamentable in the eyes of those not fully convinced of the validity of 'method', a tendency to work in everything that can by any possible means be worked in; his appalling thoroughness defeats its own ends, and inspires doubt as to the validity of other examples.

Dr. Mutschmann ingeniously shows that one example that seems to defeat his argument, really supports it: *L'Allegro*.

Here appears the one kind of bright sunlight that the albino can endure, that of a cloudless day; and that very kind of day inspires in the albino an inexpressible joy. The medical authority for the statements is an albino physician, C. T. L. Sachs.

The amount of evidence brought together by Dr. Mutschmann discourages controversy; and this is no place to enter into discussion of individual points. But there is one place where the argument is weak, in spite of all Dr. Mutschmann's assurance to the contrary; and that is one place admitted to be decisive. If Milton can be proved not to have had the characteristics of the albino, the rest of the argument is worthless. Dr. Mutschmann prefaces his discussion of Milton's appearance with such a statement.

As part of his proof that Milton had the appearance of an albino, Dr. Mutschmann attempts to show that the word 'auburn' used by Aubrey to describe Milton's hair, means, as Aubrey used it, 'whitish' and not 'light brown'. There has been much argument as to the validity of this contention; here it need only be said that there is room for doubt. Until Aubrey's probable meaning can be more thoroughly established, doubt must remain. The use of 'exceeding fair' to describe Milton's complexion is a point in Dr. Mutschmann's favor, but stands or falls with the 'auburn' hair.

Dr. Mutschmann appeals to the evidence of the portraits. But here he has found a difficulty, for the portraits disagree. He brings several arguments forward to show that the brown hair of the Jansen portrait is merely an artistic improvement, and that the coloring of the portrait is therefore unreliable. He has not argued quite convincingly, for he shows some readiness to brush aside obstacles. Of other portraits, he finds the Woodcock miniature really authentic. In this, which Dr. Mutschmann insists is more of the nature of a photograph, showing the sitter as he actually was, not as the artist thought he should be, Milton's hair is very light, and his complexion pale, according to authoritative report. Unfortunately, Dr. Mutschmann has not seen this miniature, and has had to rely on second-hand evidence. It would greatly help to settle the

whole controversy if several experts might examine this miniature, now in possession of Mr. Morgan. If an authority on color, one on albinism, and a Milton scholar might inspect and report on it, further debate might be unnecessary.

Other evidence is more convincing, especially the quotations from Keats, which are, perhaps, more important than Dr. Mutschmann shows.

It must be said for Dr. Mutschmann, that his use of such evidence as he has been able to get is most impressive. He has authoritative support from both psychological and medical experts. The cumulative effect of the mass of all kinds of argument is powerful. Besides, Dr. Mutschmann's theory, if true, explains almost all the mysteries and contradictions to be found in Milton's life and works. The theory and demonstration in no way deserve the contempt they have received, contempt which seems to be largely emotional. The question is still open; and if scholars in this field can approach the matter as scientists approach their problems, without prejudice and without passion, we may have important and illuminating results.

Studies Concerning the Origin of 'Paradise Lost' has only an indirect bearing on the question of Milton's albinism. In this monograph, Dr. Mutschmann endeavors to explain the origin of many peculiar and difficult passages in Milton's poetry, showing probable sources of his material. Indirectly, he shows the possibility that many parts of *Paradise Lost* were composed in one form or another many years before Milton's blindness; and the proof does not rest on the questions of light and vision.

The questions raised by Dr. Mutschmann are unsettled, but offer opportunity for informative research. The most important argument lacks final proof, but the evidence should give pause. Unprejudiced and unemotional investigation ought to discover the truth. Although the theses of Dr. Mutschmann are strange and unpleasing, and perhaps erroneous, they have been so well presented as to merit intelligent consideration.

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THE MUSE OF THE GREEN KIRTLE

SAPPHO AND HER INFLUENCE. By David Moore Robinson, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Archæology and Epigraphy and Lecturer on Greek Literature in the Johns Hopkins University. "Our Debt to Greece and Rome" series No. 2., pp. 272 (including 17 of notes, 3 of bibliography, 23 pictures). Boston: Marshall Jones Company. 1924.

THE SONGS OF SAPPHO: INCLUDING THE RECENT EGYPTIAN DISCOVERIES. Translated by Marion Mills Miller, Litt.D., and David Moore Robinson, Ph.D., LL.D., Litt.D. Lexington, Ky.: The Maxwellton Company. 1925. Pp. xiv, 434.

When this book appeared it was a happy surprise. Rarely have scholarship and the poetic touch journeyed in company, or if they ever have done so, they have too often been involved in conflict. If they occasionally conflict here too, the reader's enjoyment is not diminished thereby. In defense of Sappho against the slander which arose against her in antiquity, chiefly the work of the comic poets, which made her name so abhorred of the early Christians that they zealously destroyed all they could find which she wrote or might have written, the author marshals well an extensive scholarship and presses the case with the utmost skill and industry. Sappho needs no defense, however. What is needed is the discovery of more of her poetry, if only to humble the editors who have supplied lacunæ with conjectural readings. It is reasonable to make another conjecture: that such discoveries will only keep up the good work of the discoveries which have been made of lost passages, as the new finds rarely agree with the readings conjectured (to put it mildly). But the world clings piously to its stock exponents of Evil. As I recall, it was Voltaire who wickedly observed that man invented the devil. Every folk has its enshrined villains, just as we possess among other cherished colonial heirlooms, a Benedict Arnold and an Aaron Burr, gentlemen by no means so black, when compared with their contemporaries, as they have been portrayed for posterity. If literature likewise must have its sable saints, it is due to the quaint spell they exercise upon their critics (to borrow a fancy from the psychoanalyst). Beauty, however, is convincing; in beauty all

must believe, and the passion for beauty is inconsistent with morality only in the catechism of the dull. It is easy, therefore, to sympathize with the author's championship of Sappho. He is in this in excellent company,—Benecke, Wilamowitz, and other eminent scholars have also shivered a lance or two in her championship.

But the problem of Beauty is by no means so simple. Sappho was probably a real woman and never a plaster saint. It is not enough to exonerate, the past must be made to live again and for a very different public, one with very different tastes, 'tis true, yet after all not too unlike. There seems to be too little left of the work of the poetess for reconstructions which can be unanimously approved by scholars, however learned, ingenious, and plausible they may be. To many specialists in the field of Greek lyric some of the emendations proposed will seem highly debatable. It is worth remarking, though, that these same emendations have been offered as more nearly correct or at least more satisfactory variants for restorations done by others who have already published, and that this has been done *en passant* with a deftness certain to provoke reprisal.

I find it difficult to summarize a book so packed with information of interest. To the general reader, perhaps, the most valuable chapters will be those which trace Sappho's influence in after times; of special value is the chapter on French literature, for this is quite new and has never been done before, being thus a real contribution to the study of French as well as Greek. Here the ground, though extensive, is yet more sure and the reader will follow the more easily because he is well guided. Both the poetic and the prose versions merit praise, but I confess to a preference for the prose. The book is to be recommended to every lover of Sappho, every lover of Greek, every lover of beauty.

The value of modern scholarship and archæological research is nowhere better shown than where it makes possible the reinterpretation of the characters of classic poets, even though right

here stands the difficulty of changing accepted views which have acquired a certain sanctity by incorporation into English verse. Sappho is perhaps the most striking example of this, and the *Songs of Sappho* not only contains the chief documents in the case but presents practically all the evidence; for, besides the few fragments which the world already possessed more or less accidentally preserved by quotation in other authors, we can now see from the recent Egyptian discoveries not only the Greek text and the conjectural restorations (some of which are so well reasoned as to demand very favorable consideration indeed), but a careful, scholarly, and finely wrought prose translation by Dr. Robinson. Not only this, but a poetic version of the highest interest by Dr. Miller, who has from a few scattered fragments in some instances woven of such flashing hints a fabric of beauty to delight the English reader. Frederick Harrison once remarked that Greek lyric is the most difficult of all the treasures of literature to translate into another tongue, and that Sappho is the most elusive of all the lyric poets. That is another thing to make this book of unusual worth; for though what constituted Sappho's greatness must of course have been those very gifts of style which make translation and imitation impossible, here we see the attempt so well made that to many it will seem definitely achieved.

The Songs of Sappho is attractively bound in blue and buff and contains a preface by Dr. Miller, an account of the recovery and the restoration of the relics of Sappho and an illuminating monograph on the real Sappho by Dr. Robinson, who has given us also a Greek text of the poems with a prose translation and comprehensive notes; to this should be added the poetic versions of Dr. Miller with similar versions of Greek poems on Sappho, the poems of Erinna, and Ovid's epistle of Sappho to Phaon, followed by a selected bibliography compiled by Dr. Robinson, and a general index. It is the most complete edition of Sappho published to date and the one best adapted to acquainting English readers with the poet.

Granted that the book is written on the basis of a small part of Sappho's writings, still the prose translations, the notes with

the restorations and emendations here offered, are presented with such brilliant yet sane and cautious scholarship almost to compel belief where exact knowledge is impossible and with a candor that inclines one to accept even more than is actually claimed. The metrical versions sparkle, though one may not subscribe to the claim advanced by Dr. Miller in his preface for rhymed verse in such paraphrases of Sappho's lyrics, and his imaginative mosaic work of scattered fragments (usually regarded as belonging in great part to unrelated poems, though not wholly convincing in detail, yet convincing in its general effect) leaves us with an impression of the art, character, personality, even the gracious charm of Sappho, which may yet be nearer the reality than any idea that we might otherwise construct for ourselves from those same scattered snatches of song. It is unfair to judge poetry such as this after the same fashion in which we would criticise the restorations offered for the lacunæ in an Attic inscription or even the proposed restoration of a broken statue. There is too much life in it for it to be regarded as a "museum piece"; it is more "a dome of many-coloured glass", and we should rest content with the vivid hues with which it is overlaid, not prying too sharply into the structural supports in which there are doubtless many parts which surely cannot mirror the poetess. The picture here given of her is a relief from the corrupt tradition which has inspired many masculine poets (and some less poetic and more masculine, maybe) who have perpetrated the stained vision of the muse of the green kirtle, and as it has been made only after a most thorough review of all the evidence, it adds much to this book, which is in so many ways a most valuable addition to the literature on Sappho.

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ZION RESURGENT

THE EMEK. By Jessie E. Sampter. New York: Bloch Publishing Company, pp. 87.

With a truly epical sense of the immense human forces which are emerging in resurgent Palestine, this little book of free verse poems has an unusual distinction, and is heartily recommended to

those who enjoy the newer ventures in poetry, but more especially to all of those whose sympathies are wide enough to embrace the heroic Jews who are at this moment valiantly endeavoring to make the rose bloom in Sharon.

CREATORS OF EUROPEAN DRAMA

ÆSCHYLUS AND SOPHOCLES (Our Debt to Greece and Rome). By John Tressidder Sheppard, Fellow and Classical Lecturer, King's College Cambridge. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Pp. 204.

The author has given us an interesting and worth-while treatment of the work of Æschylus and Sophocles and of their influence on subsequent ages, adding no little to this series which is justifying in every way its existence.

In the first chapter, the author outlines briefly the elements entering into the makeup of Greek tragedy. Æschylus is presented, "the creator of European drama". There follows an analysis of his extant tragedies which culminate in the *Oresteia*, "the greatest work of Æschylus if not, as Swinburne says, of man".

We pass to Sophocles and a similar analysis of his extant works. In Sophocles, Mr. Sheppard finds the perfect fruit of Hellenic culture. He is the voice of that beautiful age, and that perfect harmony of man with his environment, which was the end of Greek effort and the crown of Greek achievement, finds its noblest expression in his art.

It is customary, says Mr. Sheppard, to link for purposes of contrast the names of Sophocles and Euripides: Sophocles the unexceptionable, Euripides the breaker of idols. But the theme of Mr. Sheppard's work is Æschylus the prophet and the creator, Sophocles the fulfilment and the consummation. In this light it is interesting to watch their influence as Mr. Sheppard traces it down the ages.

In the Hellenistic age both are eclipsed by Euripides; in the Renaissance, both are turned to with eager and impartial mind. A fine chapter is devoted to Milton whose mind was fired by the *Prometheus* of Æschylus. As in French Classical Tragedy

we find Sophocles the elegant, the noble, the sublime, the presiding genius, so it is Æschylus, the poet of liberty, of optimism, who inspired a long line of Romantic poets,—Goethe, Shelley, Swinburne, and others. Every Romantic poet turned instinctively to the *Prometheus* as every would-be classicist turned to the *Ædipus*. Among the moderns, says Mr. Sheppard, "Greek Tragedy has become part of the literary stock and its influence, though all-pervasive, becomes more and more difficult to analyse."

Attention should further be called to one line of thought pursued by the author,—that of perennial difficulty presented by the musical element in Greek Tragedy as represented by the Chorus. No individual, no age, seems to have comprehended or to have represented, in its true nature, that extraordinary blend of the dramatic with the musical. Notwithstanding many fine efforts to interpret Greek Tragedy, the proper synthesis of these elements remained a stumbling-block until we come to opera in the hands of Richard Wagner. Æschylus was his inspiration, Wagner himself tells us, and it is in the Wagnerian opera, thinks Mr. Sheppard, that we have that form of art which is closest akin to Greek Tragedy as we know it in Æschylus and Sophocles.

H. M. G.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN ASS"

APULEIUS AND HIS INFLUENCE (Our Debt to Greece and Rome Series).

By Elizabeth Hazelton Haight, Ph.D., Professor of Latin, Vassar College. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1927. Pp. 190.

As this series grows and each year new volumes are added, the conviction is brought home to all who use it of its genuine worth to all sorts and conditions of students of the classics. This particular volume is to be most cordially commended, treating as it does one who is fertile and suggestive in a manner that is really extraordinary.

The author has handled her material in what is apparently the accepted form for the series: successive chapters dealing with Apuleius, his age, his work, his influence down the ages. There

follow notes and an excellent bibliography. Our interest is at once aroused as we are introduced to the Romano-African Apuleius, lawyer, sophist, philosopher, worker of magic, writer par excellence of romance. It never falters as the author presents in pleasing and convincing manner his influence and his claims on posterity.

Are you a student of Plato? See the volume of Apuleius "De Platone et eius Dogmate" for a Platonism half understood, mixed with fanciful orientalism, enveloped in a maze of verbiage. And yet, the good St. Augustine, we are told, got much of his Platonism from Apuleius and refers to him fondly as "Platoniscus nobilis". Our attention is called to Pater's *Marius the Epicurean*, where Apuleius is treated seriously as a student of Plato. The Encyclopædia Britannica is quoted in which Apuleius is called "the evening star of the Platonic, and the morning star of the Neo-Platonic philosophy."

Are you interested in the Black Art? Apuleius was tried, we learn, for the practice of magic and his "Apologia" is a literary elaboration of his defense against the charge. He was long regarded as a powerful thaumaturge and his name stands forth in the Middle Ages as a priest and prophet of the devil. Are you interested in demonology? Apuleius, we are told, was an authority, witness his "De Deo Socratis". We are indebted to the wise Apuleius for such a delightful analysis of the nature of demons as the following: "In genus animal, in intellect rational, in feeling passive, in body aerial, in duration eternal". It was probably not only as *Platoniscus nobilis* that he influenced St. Augustine, but as one well versed in spirit-lore.

Were it only for such qualities as the above that we know Apuleius, our interest would be that of the antiquarian. His immortal influence is as a writer of stories. The "Metamorphoses", or as it is popularly known "The Golden Ass", recounts the manifold experiences of one Lucius who, dabbling in the magical arts, was transformed into an ass. The man-ass plot was probably not original with Apuleius but it was his version that exercised so profound an influence from the four-

teenth to the eighteenth century and has given us a veritable literature of the ass.

But, after all, it is upon one story in the "Metamorphoses", that the claim of Apuleius to immortality rests, the Märchen of Cupid and Psyche. The story is undoubtedly an ancient one with its roots in the folk-lore of many peoples. The unique thing is its sudden appearance in literature in the full flower of its story in most elaborate perfection. Before Apuleius there is no trace of the story in Greek or Roman writing; he tells it with a daintiness of touch and a wealth of fanciful ornament that have left later tellers of the story little or nothing to add.

In conclusion, it remains to recommend once more Apuleius to the reader and Dr. Haight's volume as a sympathetic and attractive introduction to one of the most interesting figures in antiquity.

H. M. GASS.

CASUAL CRITICISMS

ASPECTS OF THE NOVEL. By E. M. Forster. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. Pp. 250.

In addition to being a pleasant book, *Aspects of the Novel* is the only adequate analysis of fiction in the language. To most people, of course, the fact is evident that fiction is not greatly in need of analysis. But the professor and the critic will find the book illuminating, and those interested in the greater English novelists will welcome the author's casual and clever criticism. Mr. Forster in conversational monologue discusses plot, people, and authors. He is concerned with the nature of the novel, not with periods or tendencies, and he is ever urbane, discriminating, and witty. *Aspects of the Novel* is as charming as *Trivia* and as penetrating as *Conversations in Ebury Street*. And now we may whisper the dreadful secret. The book is a collection of printed lectures. Mr. Forster's personal accomplishments are therefore the more strikingly in evidence, for his book of lectures is almost a volume of *belles-lettres*. Almost.

The author is at his best, perhaps, when he rambles. He says of Meredith,

His philosophy has not worn well. His heavy attacks on sentimentality—they bore the present generation, which pursues the same quarry with neater instruments, and is apt to suspect any one carrying a blunderbuss of being a sentimentalist himself. . . . When he gets serious and noble-minded there is a strident overtone, a bullying that becomes distressing. . . . And his novels: most of the social values are faked. The tailors are not tailors, the cricket matches are not cricket, the railway trains do not even seem to be trains, the country families give the air of having been only just that moment unpacked, scarcely in position before the action starts, the straw still clinging to their beards.

The characters of Henry James,

beside being few in number, are constructed on very stingy lines. They are incapable of fun, of rapid motion, of carnality, and of nine-tenths of heroism. Their clothes will not take off, the diseases that ravage them are anonymous, like the sources of their income, their servants are noiseless or resemble themselves, no social explanation of the world we know is possible for them, for there are no stupid people in the world, no barriers of language, and no poor.

But the realistic criteria which Mr. Forster applies to certain distinguished novelists do not impair his vision. Meredith he sees to be the master of plot and Henry James the master of symmetry or logical development.

WILLIAM C. FRIERSON.

Ohio State University.

NOTHING MATTERS BUT CHARITY

FROM MAN TO MAN. By Olive Schreiner. New York: Harper and Bros., 1927, pp. 463.

From Man to Man is the unfinished novel on which Olive Schreiner worked for over thirty-five years. Into it went the fragments of stories, the episodes written at various times, the brooding and intense feeling of a life-time. The result is hardly a novel at all, in plot construction or in character development; its unity is the spirit of Olive Schreiner herself, her passionate absorption in the suffering of the weaker (her title is taken from a

phrase of John Morley's, "From man to man nothing matters but charity"), above all, in the wrongs of women, personified in the two betrayed sister heroines. Rebekah, with her page-long meditations on cosmic and real evolution, on morality, on races, on women, is the voice not only of the author but of that serious Victorian age of conflicts and questions. Formless as it is, *From Man to Man* has much of the gripping power of the *Story of an African Farm*, the moral fervor of *Woman and Labour* and the quiet beauty of some of the *Dreams*. "How the Rain Rains in London" is a grim, relentless episode; the autobiographic Prelude, "The Child's Day" (recently printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*) is complete and perfect in its fusion of detail and mood, the breathless African heat and the child's half-comprehending suspense and grief.

Olive Schreiner was as much a novelist of ideas and of moral issues as George Eliot. *From Man to Man* lacks that creative synthesis which in *Adam Bede* and *Middlemarch* incorporates moral and intellectual problems in living men and women, yet it remains a precious and memorable record of one of the most fascinating personalities of the nineteenth century.

F. W. K.

A ROMANTIC LADY

GEORGE SAND. *THE SEARCH FOR LOVE*. By Marie Jenney Howe. New York: The John Day Company. 1927. Pp. 344.

THE SEVEN STRINGS OF THE LYRE. *THE ROMANTIC LIFE OF GEORGE SAND*. By Elizabeth W. Schermerhorn. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1927. Pp. 327.

The two biographies of George Sand, which were probably meant to appear in 1926 on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of this French woman-novelist's death, were published almost simultaneously a year later. Both books have women for their authors—after all, it is a woman that can best understand a woman—and both deal principally, though not exclusively, with George Sand's numerous love-affairs. But the two books do not altogether cover the same field. Far from competing with each other, they may be considered as complementing each

other. George Sand knew—in the biblical sense, as a French critic once wittingly remarked—so many men in her life that it would require the powers of the Recording Angel to keep track of all of them. Her relations with Liszt and Flaubert, for example, which have been omitted by Mrs. Howe, are fully treated by Miss Schermerhorn.

Of the two biographies, that of Mrs. Howe has our preference. It is better documented, better arranged and almost free from historical inaccuracies as well as typographical errors. Mrs. Howe, who is known as an ardent woman suffragist, has an admiration bordering on worship for the woman, who already a century ago demanded woman's equality with man. Her enthusiasm for her subject shuts her eyes to many ludicrous situations in the life of a woman who changed her lovers almost as frequently as her dresses.

Miss Schermerhorn has no axe to grind and no cause to plead, and consequently treats her subject from a more human point of view. She is not blind to many of the comical elements in the amorous adventures of this large-hearted woman. Her familiarity with the subject is not inferior to that of the author of the other biography. But when she steps out of that particular field, she makes blunders upon blunders. We will not lay at her door the typographical errors which abound in her book. In fact, almost every French word in it is misspelled, and few French nouns are given their correct articles. But her errors in regard to the works of the contemporaries of George Sand are simply astounding. She confuses the famous first night of *Hernani* with that of *Marion Delorme*, and ascribes *Notre-Dame de Paris* to Dumas (as if this manufacturer of novels had not written enough, anyway), and the *Lettres à une inconnue* to Balzac.

In her Afterword, in which her sources are indicated, Miss Schermerhorn seems intentionally to avoid mentioning the other books dealing with George Sand's *affaires de coeur*. She refers to L. Vincent's *George Sand et le Berry*, but passes over in silence his other and better known work, *George Sand et l'Amour*.

But these faults will not be detected by the average reader, who will derive much enjoyment as well as instruction from reading the one as well as the other biography of the greatest French woman novelist and the most prolific woman writer in history.

MAXIMILIAN RUDWIN.

Baker University.

HOMO DUPLEX

FLAUBERT'S YOUTH. By Lewis Piaget Shanks. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 1927.

Professor Shanks presents us, in the book under review, with an interesting account of the first twenty-four years of Flaubert's life. This biography is based upon the letters, juvenilia, and travel-diaries of the great French novelist of the last century. The formative years of any author are important for the study of his work. This fact holds good also of Flaubert, who, with all his objectivity as a Realist, utilized the early experiences of his life in the works of his later years. The moods and memories of his youth occur again and again in the novels of his maturity.

The book under review presents a keen analysis of the novelist's evolution from a Romanticist to a Realist. It is generally believed that Flaubert represents in himself the transition from Romanticism to Realism, with the year 1845 as the point of division. Professor Shanks seems to hold this view and attempts to show us the process by which the wild Romanticist later reached in his development a point at which he ridiculed the extravagant sentiments of his youth in *Madame Bovary* and his adolescent ambitions and aspirations in *Bouvardet Pécuchet*. But it must not be inferred from this fact that Flaubert rid himself of the Romantic virus which he imbibed in his youth. The fact that he later pilloried the excesses of Romantic sensibility is in no way a proof that he had himself been cured of it. Flaubert, at heart, always remained a Romantic and vainly fought against this trait of his character. He himself admitted

in 1866 that he was "an old Romantic". Flaubert was a Romantic by the natural bent of his character, by his lyric and exotic temperament. His early training and his first reading inclined him still further toward Romanticism, from which he could not rid himself to the end of his days. "His beginning", says M. Ernest Seillière, apropos of Flaubert, "were of such an interesting Romanticism that he remained, on the whole, faithful to the dispositions of his youth, notwithstanding the 'realistic' pretensions of his art."¹ Flaubert remained a Romantic by his tastes and tendencies. He represents marvellously well the qualities and eccentricities of Romanticism; he was sad and proud like Vigny, enjoyed piquant pleasantries like the elder Dumas, wore his hair long like Gautier, and dreamed of glory like Victor Hugo. Flaubert showed his Romanticism by the despair and disgust of life, which may be seen in his youthful works and which he avowed also in his maturer years (*Correspondance*, t. II, p. 400), by his hatred of the bourgeois, by his contempt of contemporary civilisation, by his penchant for the prodigious and by his interest in history and archeology, in mysticism and metaphysics. His melancholy and misanthropy, his pessimism and "nihilism", his doubts and disillusionment, all link him, moreover, to the Satanic set of the Romantic School.

The fact of the matter is that Flaubert was a *homo duplex*. He had two selves—a Romantic and a Realistic. He was both in almost equal proportions, but this duality was welded into a perfect unity. Flaubert was alternately Romanticist and Realist, and composed in turn works of imagination and works of observation. His Realistic books were always followed by Romantic writings.

The number of biographies written in the past year can be counted by the dozens. What distinguishes the present work from the others is its quality of undiluted scholarship and of painstaking accuracy of detail. The book is well documented.

¹ Cf. Ernest Seillière, *Romantisme*, p. 63. See also this writer's book *le Romantisme des réalistes: Gustave Flaubert*, 2nd ed., Paris, 1914.

Its author has taken pains to supply full references for his citations. He furnishes "chapter and verse" at every step of the way. It is to be regretted, however, that the numerous citations of authority, which interrupt the text in a very annoying manner, have not rather been relegated into foot-notes. This was probably meant as a concession to the general reader, who is known to be prejudiced against a book containing foot-notes.

The author is to be particularly praised for his felicitous idea of translating all quotations of foreign matter into English and thus avoiding the bi-lingual aspect of most biographical and critical works dealing with foreign subjects. It should be pointed out, however, that, in American terms, he now and then overshot the mark. It appears peculiar to find the French *doctorat en droit*, which is a degree in course, rendered by the American LL.D., which is an honorary degree. But such minor details by no means detract from the great value of this history of the youth of Flaubert, which is at the same time a solid work of research and a good piece of narrative.

MAXIMILIAN RUDWIN.

Baker University.

PLATONISM

PLATONISM AND ITS INFLUENCE. By Alfred Edwards Taylor, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. Being No. 19 of the series "Our Debt to Greece and Rome." 1924.

This book is intended as a general introduction to Plato for English readers, and the bibliography consequently excludes some of the most important books on Plato, chiefly those by German scholars. Otherwise it would hardly seem reasonable to exclude authorities like Gomperz, Apelt, Natorp, and Zeller from even the briefest bibliography.

The book serves admirably the purpose of the series, though it comes under the general criticism, which has been often made, that in space so limited it is difficult to present a convincing picture. Though the view might be wider, still it is clear and sure; the author is so well recognized among the

foremost Platonic scholars of the times that it would be presumption on my part to venture upon any detailed criticism and as the book does not go much into details it would besides be uncalled for. One may be allowed, however, to say that the book is one of the best written of the series; to those who know little or less about Plato, it will bring an interest which ought to lead to better acquaintance, whereas if anyone imagines himself reasonably well acquainted with the subject it is equally certain that he can find in this very, very brief account of Platonism and its influence much to instruct and more to delight him.

J. B. EDWARDS.

Wells College.

ABERCROMBIE'S ROMANTICISM

ROMANTICISM. By Lascelles Abercrombie. New York: The Viking Press. 1927. Pp. 192.

Romanticism and realism are opposites and extremes, and classicism is the happy mean. Romanticism deals mainly with inner experience, realism emphasizes outer experience, and classicism presents a fusion and just balance of the two. The experience which a man seems to give to himself is inner, whereas the experience which seems to be given him through the senses is outer. Classicism is the "concord of equilibrium" between inner and outer experience. Romanticism in literature is equivalent to idealism in philosophy, and realism in literature is equivalent to empiricism in philosophy. Romanticism and realism both tend toward disease in art, whereas classicism is health. "Reality is the whole fact of life, both conceiving and perceiving, when the two are perfectly poised against each other" (p. 81).

Romanticism tends to belittle the claim of the senses. The romanticist's attitude may be expressed thus: "Life most truly and absolutely *is*, when it exists wholly as the image of what life most profoundly and vividly desires to be" (p. 82). Blake is the best example of the extreme type of romanticist. The three following quotations from Blake are illustrative: "I

fear that Wordsworth loves nature, and nature is the work of the devil" (p. 106). "I assert for myself that I do not behold the outward creation, and that to me it is hindrance and not action" (p. 106). "Vision or imagination is a representation of *what actually exists, really and unchangeably*" (p. 107). Shelley is less extreme. For him, too, this world is thoroughly bad, but it is perfectible through love. Shelley is not a mystic in the sense that Blake is.

Wordsworth is not a romanticist, for "the world of things actually seen and heard was divinity recognized by his mind as present to his senses" (p. 132). For Wordsworth, experience presents itself as "perfectly combining sense and spirit, perfect equipoise of self against the manifestly more than self" (p. 132); and this is the temper of classicism. Shakespeare and Milton are also prevailingly classical; though, like Wordsworth, they have, of course, romantic moments. Shakespeare's *Richard II* is a good instance of romanticism that expresses itself in an egoism creatively dramatized. Richard II lives in a world of his own making. *Romeo and Juliet* is almost distinctly romantic, in that it, also, is "the expression of *escape* out of the substance of life into flights of passion and imagery. (With the speeches of Richard and Romeo, compare those of Macbeth and Lear, in which passion and imagery, instead of escaping out of the substance of life, are endlessly striving to dissolve more and more of its tragic substance into themselves.)" (p. 138). In *Romeo and Juliet* love triumphs over life and death.

I have attempted to reproduce the gist of the argument of Abercrombie's book. In a brief review like this, I cannot give the reader an adequate idea of the author's spirited and concrete discussion. Abercrombie is a bold writer (sometimes perversely so); and it would be easy to find fault with him in matters of detail. But whether I agree with him or not, I find him very stimulating and suggestive. And generally I agree with him.

THEODORE STENBERG.

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